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The Week

SENATORIAL primaries come and go with little indication of the political drift. Nobody now believes that Smith defeated McKinley in Illinois because Smith opposed and McKinley supported the World Court. And, on the other hand, who will say that Shortridge's victory in California was a victory for the Court and Coolidge? Bass, the former progressive Governor of New Hampshire, and an excellent man, opposed the conservative Moses on the World Court issue, invoking the favor of Coolidge and Court against the leader of the standpat machine in this rock-ribbed state. But who shall say what actually turned the result? Prohibition is in most cases a livelier issue, but most of the politicians, as was to be expected, are dodging it. In New York the coming referendum enables them to do so. In Wisconsin the national wet organization endorsed Blaine, the La Follette candidate, while the local wet organization repudiated the endorsement with a statement favoring Lenroot. Wet candidates are outspoken only in unmistakably wet territory, while elsewhere it is a question of comparative dryness. It is in the cards that Coolidge is to lose control of the Senate, though on what issues nobody will know.

PROSPERITY is a steel-bodied, Duco-finished, full elliptical spring issue for the Republicans, and long has been. If weather has been kind to the farmers, the Republican tariff is responsible. If industry profits from rich natural resources, engineering enterprise and an expanding population, it is the Republican politicians who have put the metals in the earth, worked in the laboratories for the secrets of science, and fathered the children. And, on the other hand, when prosperity flags, that result is due to the fears created by opposition to Republican policies. A period of depression is no time to rock the boat and cast the helmsman to the sea. Elect the Republicans to office, and in due season prosperity will return again. Of course it always does. This issue even has a further measure of insurance. There are numerous voters who see through the pretenses it involves. But they believe prosperity is an affair of the mind, that as long as people think we are or shall be prosperous, that belief is enough. And they know that most people automatically associate Republicanism with prosperity. Therefore they bow vicariously to the fetish. You can no more separate the devotion to prosperity from superstitious respect for the Republican party in America than you can take from the demon-worshiping Congo Negro his carved wooden images.

WHAT is happening in regard to the Philippines? Some competent Washington observers believe that the administration has decided the islands must be kept for a definite period, probably not less than twenty-five or more than fifty years. This would enable American capital to go in and develop the natural resources — particularly rubber — undisturbed by fear of restrictions imposed by native legislators on their operations or profits. These Washington observers believe the Hon. Carmi Thompson, late member of the Ohio Gang, was

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sent to the islands not to investigate, as was announced, but to create propaganda in favor of this predetermined policy: which is in truth all he has been doing. Is there anything in the past record of the administration to make this course of procedure improbable? We are aware of nothing. True, the Filipinos have on every possible occasion declared that they want independence, complete and immediate. True, the island legislature has repassed over General Wood's veto a bill providing for a plebiscite on this subject. True, the United States has repeatedly pledged itself, through promises of its Chief Executive and through Congressional action, to set the Philippines free. True, the development of a vast American-owned rubber industry would mean the creation of a virtual peon class which, whether native or imported, would bring with it the gravest problems. But what are all these arguments compared to the magic prospect of another source of supply for rubber? This source, needless to say, will be controlled by persons as arbitrary as to price as the British and Dutch; but what good American would not choose to be robbed by his fellow countrymen?

WE THINK it is time someone pointed out the nonsensical character of the one seemingly disinterested argument against Philippine independence which is always trotted out by its enemies to camouflage their imperialistic purposes. It is that if the United States withdrew, the islands would at once be gobbled up by "somebody else"—a polite euphemism which means Japan. Never was there a more glaring example of wishful thinking which is at variance with the facts. Japan doesn't want the Philippines. They would cost more than they earned; the climate would make colonization undesirable; and even if the inhabitants could be subdued—which would involve little less than a general massacre—the strategic value of the archipelago would be more than offset by the worldwide ill will which such a proceeding would engender. In any event, the United States could with very little difficulty prevent any such development. It could announce that the Monroe Doctrine would be regarded as extending to the islands. It could conceivably accept a League of Nations mandate for them which would give the Filipinos autonomy in domestic affairs but continue American control over foreign relations. Finally, the islands could obtain independent membership in the League on their own account, when any encroachment by another power would be the legitimate subject for action at Geneva. In the face of world opinion, Japan was unable to hold Shantung which she very much wanted. Why, with the same conditions, should she try to take the Philippines which she doesn't want? We have yet to hear of the Japanese bogey being used as an argument by any real friend of the Philippines. It is a scarecrow whose straw filling becomes more and more evident.

WHETHER Primo de Rivera can outride the present storm is still in doubt: the copper-riveted censorship on news from Spain makes it impossible to tell how widespread is the revolt which is every day announced as having been crushed only to bob up again twenty-four hours later. Even if he is able to continue his rule, however, it is not likely to be for long. He has been a military dictator, and the three revolts by the army in recent months show how widespread is the disaffection among his erstwhile supporters. He has also lost the sympathy of the King, which is important since Alfonso is popular and can sway public opinion. Finally, he has just suffered two serious reverses on international policy. The powers have rejected his plea for Spanish control of Tangier—as they were certain to do; and the League has voted that a semi-permanent seat on the Council is the most that Spain can expect at this time. Neither of these rebuffs seems fatally serious from the point of view of the outsider; but as someone has observed, the pride of any nation is in inverse ratio to its justification in fact. Meanwhile, the new upset in Spain came at just the right moment from one standpoint. It has seemingly stopped whatever plans Primo de Rivera and Mussolini may have shared, to prevent the entrance of Germany into the League.

PRESIDENT CALLES last week reported to the Mexican Congress on the condition of the country. He declares that peace reigns, and that general conditions are steadily improving. The government finances are in better condition than they have been for many years. Payments to the foreign creditors have been met faithfully on the agreed schedule. Irrigation projects are being developed by the state, roads are being built and an agricultural bank has been established. The regulations concerning oil and agricultural lands, so incessantly protested by American capitalists, seem to President Calles to be working well, and to result in no substantial injustice to the foreign investors. If, however, this proves to be the case, he stands ready to modify the clauses in question. This is more than he promises in regard to the religious issue. He believes the regulations to which the Catholic Church takes objection were both necessary and important, and that they do not in fact interfere with the exercise of the proper and legitimate religious function.

WITH this last view, the Mexican Congress is evidently in complete accord. The church officials have appealed to it for relief but, as they admit in advance, without any hope of getting it. The plea has been made, a statement from the Episcopate explains, because the only alternative is to start a religious war. That is a declaration which would come with better grace from some other group than the professed followers of Christ. Moreover, there *is* one other alternative: the church might obey the

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law, even while working for its repeal, instead of closing the churches and abandoning the people to their fate. Never once, so far as we are aware, has anybody, including the semi-official lay apologists for the church, Messrs. Talley and Flaherty, explained just why the church could not continue to perform all proper religious functions under the new laws—if it really wants to.

MUCH of what the Federal Oil Conservation Board reports will be no news to readers of the New Republic. Yet it is well to be reminded again of the striking facts. The total reserves of oil in pumping and flowing wells in the United States are about 4,500,000,000 barrels. In 1925 we produced about 750,000,000 barrels. Assuming that the number and use of automobiles do not increase, that industrial uses of fuel and lubricating oil do not expand, and that the reserves of oil can continue to be extracted at the same rate, we need fear no change in conditions for the six years that the oil would last. Then we should have a famine. All these assumptions, however, are probably optimistic. The last is certainly so. Oil wells produce much more heavily when they are new than later, because the pressure of gas in the ground, which forces the oil out, decreases rapidly after a well is brought in. More than one-half of the current production comes from only 4 percent of the wells, which are not more than a year or so old. Nothing like the present rate of production in this country can be maintained unless new fields are constantly discovered. If new developments should cease now, within five years the output of oil in the United States would be less than half what it is.

OF COURSE new oil fields may be discovered and developed in large enough quantities to take care of the present and swelling demand. But who knows? Suppose they are not. Then we have a falling curve of supply cutting across a mounting curve of demand. That must mean, of course, materially rising prices until the uses of oil in all its forms are cut to the measure of scarcity. It is no use saying that there is still plenty of oil in Central and South America, in Russia and Asia. It is no use saying that we have large quantities of shale from which oil may be extracted. It is no use saying that more oil may be forced from already exploited fields by new engineering methods. It costs something to transport oil from a distance, even though the foreign supply is not monopolized and sold at exorbitant profits. It costs more to get oil from shale or from fields exhausted by present methods than it does to produce now. Materially higher prices, with all their unpleasant reverberations, are in prospect soon unless the waste of competitive exploitation is promptly eliminated. Not more than one-sixth to one-quarter of the oil in the ground is recovered, in the present haste to get the oil in one tract before the owner of the neighboring wells gets it. Coöperative agreements could stop this waste, as the report suggests, but in a matter of such urgency must we wait for the slow and uncertain development of coöperation? Legislation is needed; the states should promptly provide it, and if they do not do so the federal government should step in.

IT IS interesting that at the moment when the influence of the Papacy in international affairs is at its lowest, its influence in the internal affairs of the Italian peninsula may become decisive, as at so many periods in the past. The Vatican is the only institution in Italy which retains any freedom from the all-embracing control of Fascism. In the suppression of parliament, press, and public and private speech, the Papal Court is the only place where criticism of the existing régime is possible. That Mussolini has made great efforts to ally Fascism with the church as with the monarchy is well known. That these efforts have not succeeded is evident from the refusal of the Pope to recede, at the instance of the government, from his position forbidding the French Catholic Gymnastic Societies to enter Italy to attend an international competition. The attacks upon the Italian Gymnastic Societies at Mantua and Macerata by the local Fascists gives the Pope reason to believe that the foreign delegations would not be safe. From the point of view of international relations his action is eminently wise; and as a criticism before the whole world of the present régime of violence and murder in Italy it is eloquent. And this is precisely what the Pope intended his action to be. After all, the oppressed South Germans of Bozen and Meran are as much his children as the peasants of the Abruzzi.

THE New Republic has received a number of communications in reference to its endorsement of the Copeland bill, legalizing the status of resident Hindus as eligible to American citizenship. The objections to the bill are that the term Hindu is not a racial but a religious designation; and further that in the list of white races certain omissions occur—for example, Finns, Bulgars, Swiss, Belgians (except Flemings), etc. It may be stated that the bill in question follows the classification in the Dictionary of Races or Peoples, of the Immigration Commission, drawn up in 1910. In that list Bulgars and Finns are classified as Mongolians. The term Swiss is stated to have "no significance as to race." The term Hindu is thus defined: "In the broadest sense any native of India." This classification was accepted by Congress, and under it Hindus were admitted to citizenship until United States officials began to rule against them, and were upheld by an opinion of Justice Sutherland. All that Senator Copeland's bill seeks to do is to restore by legislation the Hindus to the place they were originally assigned among peoples eligible to citizenship in the United States.

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THE nations which are members of the League are strongly desirous of having the United States enter the Permanent Court of International Justice. They believe that not only will we strengthen the Court, but experience as a member will go far to allay our present morbid fear of accepting any international responsibility, and thus in time help to change our point of view in regard to the League itself. Therefore the World Court conference now in session at Geneva will go to almost any length in accepting the Senate's reservations which were attached to our resolution of adherence. The only one which seems likely to prove a sticking point is that which says the Court may not even give an advisory opinion in any case where the interest of the United States is deemed to be involved, without the explicit consent of our Congress. Since we are to be the judges as to whether our interest is involved, this reservation in effect gives the Senate a veto power over the Court. If the other nations consent to this, it must be because they feel that once we are in, self-respect will keep us from invoking this arbitrary and unreasonable power. On no other basis would they be justified in accepting.

THE report that New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Indianapolis and the Ohio State Utilities Commission together with other municipalities, will unite to complain against the American Telephone and Telegraph Company ought to give prominence to an old issue which has repeatedly arisen in local rate cases. Much of the expense of local telephone companies arises from their purchases of equipment, and from the percentage of their gross which they have to pay to the parent A. T. and T. Their equipment they must buy from manufacturing or sales companies owned by the national concern. The local commissions have no jurisdiction over these charges except to rule whether they are "reasonable" for the services rendered. The result is that the parent company is under no regulatory authority which has power to limit its return to a fair rate on its value, as most utilities are, or are supposed to be. Nor is there full supervision and publicity for its accounts. Whether the Interstate Commerce Commission has the power or the inclination to fill this gap in regulation remains to be seen. But until it is filled regulation of interstate telephone rates will be a farce.

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case enters a new stage, which we may hope will be its final one, when on September 13 Judge Webster Thayer will hear arguments on the motion for a new trial based on newly discovered evidence supported by some sixty affidavits. It is understood that these follow the trail blazed by the confession of Celestino Madeiros, and lead to the identification of the true criminals in the Braintree murder. It is further stated that some of them implicate state officials and officials of the Department of Justice in a conspiracy to railroad Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair. The New Republic has repeatedly pointed out that the case originated in a criminal proceeding by the Department of Justice, in doing to death a certain Salsedo, in whose behalf Sacco and Vanzetti were active when arrested. The trial was marked by constant unfairness on the part of the prosecuting officers. If, as we confidently expect, Sacco and Vanzetti are allowed to prove their innocence, the one good result of their long martyrdom will be to bring home to the public the dangerous instincts of many of those whom President Coolidge aptly terms the "criminal authorities," and the ease with which it is led to become their accomplice.

With Germany in the League

BEFORE these lines appear in print, or very shortly thereafter, it is altogether likely that Germany will have become a member of the League of Nations. In regard to so delicate and difficult an action prophecy is dangerous, as the developments of last March demonstrated; but in the present juncture luck for once has been on the League's side. The rebellion against Primo de Rivera's government came at just the right moment to prevent his making the trouble he presumably wanted to, over the decisive rejection of Spain's plea for a permanent Council seat. Still more important perhaps, it has temporarily upset Mussolini's plan to use the Spanish dictator as a cat's paw in his own efforts to minimize the League's prestige and influence.

With Germany safely a member of the Assembly and Council, what next? No doubt the professional propagandists for the League will declare that the European millennium has now arrived; but such a statement is obviously somewhat premature. The national hatreds and jealousies of Europe remain. The clash of economic interest remains. The personal ambitions of unscrupulous men are still forwarded by activities leading toward war. Much of the continent continues in a condition which is not far from economic prostration. Spain, Italy, Greece and Hungary are under governments which are as little influenced by the will of the people as were the old autocracies which the War overthrew. Russia not only remains outside the League but in an attitude of fairly active hostility to it. The injustices done by the Treaties of 1919 in the new boundaries of Austria, Germany and Hungary remain unrectified. Germany is still required to pay what will doubtless prove to be an impossibly large burden of reparations and the French people, still led by this will-o'-the-wisp, are not yet willing to take the drastic steps necessary to restore their own national solvency. Suppressed minorities continue at the mercy of their rulers. France and Italy, contending for the hegemony of Eastern Europe, are vying with one another in the creation of systems of alliances which are likely ultimately to produce an

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old-fashioned balance of power. Meanwhile the imperialistic game goes on with fresh enthusiasm in Northern Africa and the Near and Middle East.

While all this is true, it would be short-sighted not to recognize the vast difference in the general European outlook which is likely to be created by the entrance of Germany into the League. The Locarno treaties which can now be put into effect represent for the first time in all history a genuine and serious effort to reduce to a minimum the likelihood of war among the major powers which have for a thousand years past contributed most of the bloodshed witnessed upon this unhappy planet. Once these treaties are in force, their continuance is not necessarily dependent upon the prestige and influence of the League. The Geneva organization in the last analysis has no other strength, as it is at present constituted, than the pressure of world public opinion. That is a highly unreliable instrument even in normal times and becomes doubly so when international relations are strained and tense. But the Locarno agreements begin a development pointing toward the outlawing of war itself.

With Germany in, what are the next matters which are likely to engage the attention of the League? It is no secret that she will begin by pleading for the restoration of her colonies. Thereafter will come, in the course of time, the matter of evacuation of her territory by Allied troops, the war guilt question, and future reparation payments. The Dawes plan does not come into full effect until next year. Then and thereafter Germany will be required to pay more than $600,000,000 a year. There are few reputable economists who believe that she can assemble such a surplus as this, whether in cash or in kind, without laying the gravest burdens on her population; or that if she did succeed in creating this fund the Allies would be able to accept delivery without both upsetting the German currency and doing harm to their own industrial organization.

It will of course be argued that these questions, being technically between the Allies and Germany alone, are not properly a matter for the League's jurisdiction. The answer is that in the long run the Geneva machinery will be found so convenient as to prove indispensable. The fears of France can be assuaged in the beginning by reminding her that as a member of the Council she can always interpose a veto and prevent any action which she regards as undesirable. If the history of the past few years is any precedent, French public opinion will gradually be reconciled to accepting, by degrees, a series of terms of settlement each of which is less onerous than its predecessor.

The same thing may in the course of time come to pass as to European territorial adjustments. These present in the long run an even more difficult problem. To restore the pre-war boundaries would be undesirable even if it were possible since these were themselves unfair to many millions of people who were forced to live under a political allegiance to which they would never have consented if allowed to choose. The ethnological map of Europe is so confused that no settlement could ever be made which would entirely eliminate suppressed minorities. Any solution must be a compromise: and the machinery of the League may be invoked over a period of years to bring into existence compromises increasingly less unjust.

With the entrance of Germany it is much more proper to say that a new era is beginning than it was when the League first came into existence. During its first six years, as hostile critics have repeatedly pointed out, it has been less a world or even a European league of nations than an alliance of all but one of the states victorious in the late War. In so far as it has had any relation to the situation between victors and vanquished it has sought to confirm the former in their material gains and to make sure that the prostrate foe continued in that position. Realistically speaking, the war alliance has been dead for some time; but the unburied corpse has remained a formidable obstacle to the reconstitution of the European system on any basis which held out the hope of lasting peace. The work done at Locarno, capped by the entrance of Germany into the League, for the first time makes it reasonable to hope that the war alliance will at last be buried and the nations will begin to build on a foundation of approximate justice, the only one on which any enduring structure can be based.

General Motors and Ford

AS the owners of the General Motors Company gratefully receive this week their 50 percent stock dividend, carrying with it a parallel increase in cash return, it is interesting to draw a comparison, not necessarily invidious, between this great enterprise and its chief rival in the automobile industry —the Ford Motor Company. For years Henry Ford has had the reputation of unique ability and wisdom in his business, whatever may have been thought of his obiter dicta. Stories told of him, remarks attributed to him, the testimony of those who have seen and written of his plants and methods, and finally the books about himself in which he has collaborated, have built up a well defined Ford tradition, which may well be used as a sort of standard of measurement for others in the same field.

What are the main components of the prescription commonly attributed to Mr. Ford? To produce as cheaply as possible as good an article as possible. To profit, not by a large margin on each sale, but by a large volume of sales. To live by experiment rather than by tradition. To standardize ruthlessly and reduce costs by mass production. To pay good wages in return for high productivity. To eliminate waste. To build the organization "vertically" in order to secure an adequate and economical

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supply of materials. To utilize by-products. To expand the enterprise by reinvestment of profits rather than incurring bonded debt or other embarrassing obligations. To decentralize plants so that none is too large, too diffuse, or too close to others.

Along with these practical policies goes a philosophy, which it is believed will insulate against successful competition those who conscientiously practice it. Profits should not go to anyone not actively connected with the management. The directors of an enterprise deserve a share of profits as their wage; the rest of the profits belong to the business, which in turn belongs to the public which buys its products and thus creates it. Businesses falling into the hands of bankers and financed for the benefit of outsiders rather than being run by a production expert are on their way to ruin.

There have not been lacking signs, however, that the Ford enterprise, so long the wonder child of the industrial family, has been induced by competition of one kind or another to depart from its strict individuality. One by one it has made what may be called, in view of the above program and philosophy, concessions. It is sometimes a follower rather than a leader. It has cast an anchor to windward by taking up the manufacture of a high-priced car. It has intruded on the savings of standardization, reluctantly it would seem, to concede changes in style—the new radiator, the colors, the lowered chassis, and now, according to rumors which Edsel Ford has denied, a three-speed gear. It has given up its policy of no advertising. Ford sales have not in recent months continued to grow as they used to do. Other cars which have approached its price are booming. Nor is it certain that the apparently growing preference for the new rivals is entirely based upon style and appearance rather than interior merit. No one else can yet sell a car quite so cheaply as Ford. But others can sell so good a car so close to his price that the motor world is agog to see what he will do next.

General Motors, which undoubtedly is the largest and most successful competitor of the two passenger cars made by Ford (though it produces much else as well) is in many respects in accord with the Ford policy. It makes good articles cheaply, seeks large sales volume rather than large profit margins, invokes standardization and mass production, pays wages probably as high as Ford's. In organization it appears to be in some respects even further advanced than his. It is not only vertical, but, one might say, diagonal. Its car manufacturing divisions include not merely a cheap car and a costly car but cars at all stages between, not to speak of trucks, coaches and taxicabs—there are eight of these divisions in all. Its accessory and parts divisions and companies—fifteen of them—make not only the things that go into automobiles, but electric refrigerators, materials for bicycles, farm lighting and power plants, washing machines and water pumps. This is not a dispersal of energy, but a dovetailing of facilities. There are nineteen subsidiary sales companies in the United States. There are seven subsidiaries with miscellaneous functions: to finance dealers and instalment sales, to insure dealers and purchasers, to own real estate and to construct housing for employes. And there are fifteen companies distributing, assembling or manufacturing abroad. Research laboratories, statistical forces, proving grounds, elaborate management engineering, furnish nerve centres. It is no small task to apply just the proper amount of coördination to so diverse an enterprise, to fit together centralization and decentralization. The company has even, like Mr. Ford, acquired a mine and a railroad, and also has a half interest in the production of ethyl gasoline.

The Ford works have no monopoly on improvements in productive efficiency. In 1919 the 85,980 employes of General Motors turned out 391,738 cars. In 1925 the number of employes had shrunk to 83,278 while the output had increased to 835,902—more than double. This is not an absolutely accurate measure of productivity on account of certain changes in the make-up of the figures, but it is close enough to the truth to be striking. Nor has Ford any monopoly on reinvestment of profits in the business. This year General Motors is putting $40,000,000 into new plant. It regularly credits large amounts to surplus instead of distributing all its profits. And it carries no bonded indebtedness, except such mortgage as may be held against real estate.

The future may be precarious for either Mr. Ford or General Motors or both, as the approach to the saturation point intensifies competition. But as yet there is no sign that General Motors is suffering in this regard. What is more likely, because it has happened before, is that a depression in the industry would drive out the weaker competitors and while causing temporary loss to the big fellows would leave them in a stronger position than ever.

Now the most interesting point about all this is that in important respects General Motors differs radically from the Ford Motor Company. It was not originated, and is not now owned and controlled, by a genius of production. Its formation and history are intimately connected with financial reorganizations and stock-market speculation. Its principal owners are not now supremely interested in nothing else than the manufacture of motor cars. It distributes a large share of its earnings to those not active in the business. Its Board of Directors and Finance Committee smack strongly of banker control. Pierre S. DuPont, George F. Baker, Jr., Junius S. Morgan, Jr., are not men reputed to be concerned chiefly with production rather than with profits.

This does not mean that General Motors has acquired its strength through methods partaking of monopoly, as have many of the country's great cor-

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porations. It has no control of raw materials, it owns no crucial basic patents, it partakes in no agreements or understandings for the limitation of production, it has not arisen on the foundation of a protective tariff. The manufacture of automobiles is quite obviously a keenly competitive business. This Wall Street merger has, in a free field, become a successful rival of Ford through the use of Ford's own technical methods. That is not saying that if it eventually competes its way to a monopolistic position, it may not fall back on the easier way. But so far it has not been able to do so.

What does this testify regarding Mr. Ford's philosophy? Not, certainly, that his inventiveness and alertness have made no great impression on the conduct of industry. But perhaps that the use of that contribution does not depend on a single personality at the top, that the function of the owner, whether active in management or not, is less important than either Mr. Ford or the more conservative economic theorists conceive it to be. Apparently there is growing up a technique of production and of management which is in a sense self-sustaining, which can be applied either under a single owner-manager or under financiers, bankers, and absentee stockholders. The function of profit not put back into plant, the function of profit-seeking capital from outside the industry, seems to be shrinking. Industry, as opposed to ownership, is coming to stand on its own feet in a way which even Mr. Ford does not fully appreciate. If the technique of industry develops so far that it makes almost no difference to efficiency how industry is owned, we shall have a much better chance of relating production to large social aims. We shall not have to entrust final power to owners seeking little beyond the expansion of their properties.

Poisoning the Pierian Spring

IN recent years, some hard things have been said about interference with freedom of speech in the classroom. It has been charged that various persons with an axe to grind have sought by legislative enactment or otherwise to have their particular pet doctrines made a compulsory part of the curriculum, or their pet aversions excluded from it. Only the other day Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union stated that the efforts of the superheated professional patriots were no longer being directed toward suppressing their opponents' public meetings and publications. Instead, the 100 percenters are bending their energies toward seeing that their point of view is the only one presented in the country's classrooms. Is this a correct statement? Where do we stand today in regard to compulsions laid upon the teacher for political reasons?

Luckily, we do not need to resort to guess-work in answering this question. Dr. J. K. Flanders has written, and Teachers' College, Columbia University, has published, a book entitled Legislative Control of the Elementary Curriculum, which shows the situation in the various states in the year 1923 (the last for which complete records were available) and ten and twenty years previous. It is true, of course, that the elementary school is only one part of the educational system; but we think our readers will agree that it is the most important part, both quantitatively and qualitatively. In it are formed the first and therefore most vivid and ineradicable impressions. For many thousands it is the only contact with formal education. Moreover, it is fair to assume that whatever condition exists in the elementary school will be found as well in the higher divisions.

Doctor Flanders's findings corroborate and give statistical support to the statement which Mr. Baldwin and others have made. Taking all "prescriptive" laws together, including both those which require that a subject shall be taught and those which forbid its inclusion in the curriculum, he finds that the number of such laws almost doubled in the twenty-year period studied. In 1903 there were 564 such laws on the statute books of the various states; in 1923, 926, an average of nineteen for each commonwealth. As might be expected, what Doctor Flanders calls "nationalism," including various patriotic studies, Constitution worship and the like, shows the greatest numerical increase, the number of laws having grown from 147 to 304. Second on the list is compulsory study of health and of "prohibition"—meaning the alleged horrendous effect of alcohol on the human system. These laws went from a total of 102 to 171. Conservation of life and property stands third in numerical total. In 1903 there was but one such law; in 1913, twenty; and in 1923, forty-three. This was the subject showing the largest relative gain during the twenty years under consideration.

That this flock of new laws is the result of systematic pressure applied, usually on a nationwide scale, by persons intent on having their ideas accepted by the mass of the population, is strongly suggested by the uniformity of wording. State after state uses identical phraseology in requiring that alcohol be properly excoriated or the Constitution of the United States held up as a perfect document, now and forever. Indeed, numerous organizations not only admit but boast that they have sought successfully to get one state legislature after another to pass the "model statute" presented by them.

The favorite formula for all these laws says that such-and-such a doctrine shall be taught not less often than so many times a week. Oddly enough, the legislators usually neglect to set a minimum length for these compulsory lessons. A recalcitrant teacher might devote one minute to the required training and satisfy the law technically—if he were brave enough. As a rule, of course, he isn't. There is sometimes a stipulation that no child shall be promoted, or graduated, unless he can describe the

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appearance of the hard-drinker's liver, or name the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Now and then courses in the prescribed subjects are made compulsory in all normal schools, or school boards are required to examine all candidates in them.

Almost invariably these laws are framed and adopted by persons ignorant of educational technique, and some extraordinary situations arise in consequence. In Montana, the state Insurance Commissioner is ordered to write a book on the dangers of fire, and the teachers to read it aloud, the legislators blithely ignoring both the fact that the Insurance Commissioner, it is a hundred to one, is incompetent to write any sort of book, and the further fact that having the teacher read aloud is a pedagogical method which was discarded shortly after the Flood. In Nebraska, the law compels county superintendents to offer prizes and premiums for good work, thus confessing a singular belief in bribery as an inducement to right conduct. In North Dakota, hygiene must be taught in the fourth grade and thereafter, from textbooks "in the hands of the students"—the exact opposite of the Montana idea. Delaware and New Jersey both demand that not fewer than five verses of the Bible be read aloud "at the opening of the school day."

"Patriotism," the teaching of which was compulsory in only one state in 1913, was required by twelve in 1923—the result, of course, of the labors of the aforementioned professional 100 percenters. Formal flag exercises were required in three states in 1903, and in ten in 1923. That instruction be carried on in the English language only was compulsory in fourteen states in 1903, and in thirty-four in 1923, all but three of the new laws having been passed since 1913. Alabama and Oklahoma divide the distinction of requiring that no other language shall be studied until after the sixth and eighth grades respectively. Several states still forbid the teaching of German, a lingering remnant of wartime hysteria.

It is not surprising to learn that American history is a compulsory subject in thirty-five of the states. Several have a clause in the law like that of Wisconsin which says no historical text may be used which "falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence or the War of 1812 or which defames our nation's founders . . . or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government." They must be remarkable men who enforce this law, and can tell offhand what is the exact truth about the Founding Fathers, which no conscientious professional historian would be presumptuous enough to do.

Doctor Flanders points out that all these laws are at direct variance with the current tendency of the best educational thought of today. Curriculum making is now regarded as an expert science, and one which is constantly and necessarily changing: these laws take an increasingly large part of it out of the hands of the experts and leave it fixed and immovable, the abiding work of always incompetent and often grossly ignorant men. Pedagogical theory now tends to make the child's studies grow directly out of his own interests and activities: the legislative enactments dump down upon him studies which usually have no relation to his life. Indeed, this compulsory education is likely to be self-defeating in the fullest sense. As Doctor Flanders says of the now popular laws for Constitution worship:

> What effect does the teaching of a subject like the Constitution of the United States have upon an immature mind? Does it have the desired effect when one is forced to study it? What does it mean "to teach" the Constitution? Has it been adequately taught when the child is able "to recite" specific facts about it?

Probably it is true that much of this compulsory study has an opposite effect from that intended. An anti-evolution law like that of Tennessee is sure to result in the "bootlegging" of books on science at least among the intelligent minority of the older students. Yet this fact should lull no lover of truth into any false security. When the 100 percenters have obtained everything they want—and they are rapidly reaching that goal—it will be their kind of world in which the child will grow up. He will get no chance to learn of anything different until it is, in most cases, too late. Germany under Bismarck is sufficient evidence as to the ease with which the mind of a nation may be regimented through skilful misuse of the state schools.

Equally important in the long run is the effect on the quality of the teaching. How can a self-respecting educator accept the status of a mere automaton parroting the words which politicians, at the order of propagandists, have put into his mouth? The answer is that he can't; and if the present tendency continues the best teachers will be increasingly likely to abandon their profession, and the best potential recruits will turn to other fields. Certainly, anyone who wants to see old-fashioned Americanism preserved can find, in combating the tendency which Doctor Flanders has revealed, a field of usefulness fully worthy of his best efforts.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Is Chicago Draining the Great Lakes?

THE so-called "Chicago steal" of Great Lakes waters has recently been before the public again in a new and insidious form. One section of the omnibus Rivers and Harbors bill which died in the session of Congress recently ended provided for the improvement of the Illinois River from its juncture with the Mississippi to Utica, Ill., where it links up with the Illinois state canal system which runs from Utica to near Lockport on the Desplaines and there connects with the Chicago Drainage Canal system. It was proposed that the federal government construct works in this section of the Illinois Waterway to handle water equivalent to a diversion at Lake Michigan through the Chicago Drainage Canal of 8,250 cubic feet per second. This proposal, backed by the full weight of the representation in Congress of Illinois and a strong delegation of the central and lower Mississippi states, is the latest development in the thirty-seven year fight between Chicago and Illinois on the one side, and the other Great Lakes states, the national government, and Canada, on the other. The struggle is sure to be renewed in the next session, and is one of the first importance. Briefly the facts are these:

Chicago, lying at the dead end of Lake Michigan, found it increasingly difficult with the growth of population to dispose of sewage in the lake and at the same time use the lake water for drinking purposes. Nature, however, offered another means of sewage disposal at a comparatively low cost. South and west of Chicago the Mississippi watershed is separated from the Great Lakes watershed by a low range of hills, in places not more than ten feet above the Chicago River which flows through the city and empties itself into Lake Michigan. On the other side of the divide is the Desplaines River. In the late eighties an engineering report recommended piercing the divide by a canal, reversing the Chicago River and emptying it into the Desplaines, as a means of sewage disposal. In 1889 the Illinois Legislature created the Chicago Sanitary District with power to carry out these proposals, and since a considerable head of water would be needed to dilute and carry sewage through this artificial waterway, the District was required to divert from Lake Michigan one second foot for each 300 population.

An ultimate population of 3,000,000 was contemplated, and from the first, construction was provided for a diversion of 10,000 second-feet, the amount which would be required for such a number. In spite of the fact that permission for the diversion was beyond the power of the Illinois Legislature, because it would very probably interfere with navigation on an interstate and international waterway, work was begun in 1890. Six years later a permit was issued by the national government for deepening the south branch of the Chicago, thereby giving some color of legality to a project already under way. In 1900 the canal was opened and diversion commenced. A series of regulations by the Secretary of War resulted in 1903 in a permit for the diversion of a maximum of 4,167 second-feet. Although the authority of the Secretary to issue such permits has never been clearly established, there would probably have been little objection on the part of other lake states or of Canada to the diversion had Chicago stayed within the limits laid down. Instead, however, she proceeded to divert as much water as was convenient and to construct other canals tributary to the main stream.

The utter disregard of the Secretary's permit appears clearly from the diversion figures of the Sanitary District itself. For example, the diversion average for 1907 was 5,116 second-feet; for 1911, 6,445; for 1914, 7,105; for 1917, 7,786. The result of this breach of the Secretary's orders was that injunction proceedings were commenced by the national government in 1908 to restrain the diversion of the Calumet River into the drainage system, and in 1912 to restrain the excess diversion.

For twelve years proceedings hung fire before federal Judge Landis who, among other excuses for the delay, objected to "microbes in his drinking water," to quote Justice Holmes in discussing the case on its appeal to the Supreme Court later. In 1920 Judge Landis at last granted the injunction, which was upheld by his successor, Judge Carpenter, in 1922, and by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1925. Before the injunction could issue, however, the Secretary of War issued a new permit, revocable at will, allowing a diverson of 8,500 second-feet, on condition that Chicago construct by 1929 sewage disposal works to take care of 1,200,000 population and post a bond for $1,000,000 as evidence of its good faith. These conditions have been accepted.

Another round of the struggle is now in progress. The Lake states, other than Illinois, have instituted two separate suits to restrain the diversion permitted by the Secretary. Meantime Chicago and Illinois shifted the battle to the floor of Congress, where they have been only temporarily defeated, and the grounds of justification for the diversion from sanitary to navigation needs.

While the need of the large diversion for sanitation probably exists at present, the construction of modern sewage disposal works, which other cities along the Lakes have been compelled to adopt, will remove all excuse for the greater part of the diversion. In correspondence with the Canadian government it was declared by the Secretary of War that by 1929 the total diversion (which now reaches

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about 9,700 second-feet when water for domestic needs is included) should be reduced to 8,000 or probably 6,700, and by 1935 probably to 4,167, the original amount permitted. Even as to present needs, there is much doubt. Former Secretary of War Baker, in his testimony before the House Committee, declared that one-third of the present diversion was used to flush the stock yards. Chicago now scarcely stresses sanitary reasons for the diversion, and indeed it is generally admitted that sanitation was merely an excuse, not a reason.

There remains the argument based on navigation needs, which was stressed in Congress. The proposed Illinois River development contemplates a nine-foot channel which is declared by the Board of Engineers instructed by Congress to report on the matter to be quite sufficient to care for all commerce now foreseen in the Illinois Valley. The report further provided alternative schemes which showed that this channel could be constructed with a diversion at Chicago of as little as 1,000 second-feet of water. While declaring that "it would be premature to authorize diversion at this time," the report favored either partial canalization or an open channel as the most economical, and pointed out that works constructed on either plan would work equally well with any diversion of from 2,000 to 10,000 second-feet. The adoption of either scheme would obviate the necessity of fixing diversion limits at present. The Committee of Congress, however, disregarded these recommendations and provided for complete canalization and works capable of handling a diversion of 8,250 second-feet, approximately the present amount.

The question at once occurs, Why the disregard of the engineers' report and the provision for the unnecessarily large diversion for the nine-foot waterway? Undoubtedly the answer lies in Chicago's aim to be a deep-waterway port on a Gulf-to-Lakes system, and not a mere port of call on a barge canal. Her section of the waterway, that is as far as the Desplaines, is already constructed with a depth of twenty-one to twenty-five feet, enough to handle the largest lake traffic and any vessel which can now navigate the Mississippi below St. Louis. With a greater diversion than is now necessary for a nine-foot channel in the Illinois, it would be comparatively easy to persuade Congress to deepen the channel for larger vessels.

Aside from the weakness of the arguments for the large diversion, what are its effects upon the Great Lakes? Estimates of engineering authorities declare that the present diversion lowers lake levels from four to seven inches. Even the Sanitary District's own figures, in explanation of the fall in Lake levels during recent years, admit that probably 5.2 inches of the fall have been due to the diversion. This is a serious handicap to lake navigation; lake harbors are constantly filling, channels are in need of constant dredging, canals have been constructed to take advantage of every inch of water. One estimate declares that a fall of one inch reduces the carrying capacity of the ordinary freighter from seventy-five to one hundred tons for each trip, while the whole Lake fleet suffers at the rate of one complete trip a year. According to an estimate cited by the Board of Engineers' report on the Illinois project, for each 1,000 second-feet diverted at Chicago, the loss to Lake shipping is $325,000 annually. Former Secretary of War Baker declared that the loss due to the present diversion aggregates $3,000,000 each year.

As to the comparative merits of Lakes-to-Gulf commerce with that of the Great Lakes, in the words of General Taylor's report, "the magnitude and benefits" of the commerce of the Lakes "far exceed any probable commerce now foreseen on the Illinois River and Waterway." Indeed, he might have substituted "the Mississippi Waterway" for the Illinois, for in 1924 the total Mississippi commerce below St. Louis was scarcely 12,000,000 tons, while over 75,000,000 tons passed through the St. Clair Flats Canal alone. If Mississippi commerce can be developed only at the expense of the Great Lakes, the idea is too absurd for consideration.

Further, the withdrawal of water from the Lakes is a sheer economic waste so far as power development goes. For one horse-power developed on the Desplaines from the water diverted, it is estimated that from four and a half to six could be developed at Niagara and on the St. Lawrence, and this without interference with navigation interests below, since the water in these cases would be turned back into the stream after developing power. Some estimates place the loss as high as 400,000 horsepower.

Equally serious are the international complications. Although the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909 took account of the Chicago diversion in apportioning the water for power purposes at Niagara, and excepted from the Treaty any diversions then permitted by either country, it by no means legalized them. Each party expressly reserved the right to protest any diversions permitted previously by the other. Moreover, the Canadian government has expressly protested not once but many times. The present diversion, it contends, not only interferes with Lake traffic, but with the whole St. Lawrence system, reducing to a dangerously low level canals there, as well as such channels as the Long Sault and Lachine Rapids which are run by vessels when going down stream; it even reduces from six to nine inches the level of the harbor of Montreal which is kept open to large ocean traffic only by constant dredging of the river below. The protests of Canada last year induced the national government to include the Chicago diversion question in the whole subject of Great Lakes and St. Lawrence development. Indeed, Canada threatened to withdraw from the discussions unless it

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was so included. The late bill would have had the effect of forcing the hand of the national government. The attitude of its sponsors toward Canadian interests seems to be summed up in the words of Representative Dempsey, Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, in criticizing Canadian objections to the bill: "I believe in the old doctrine of 'My country, may she be ever right; but right or wrong, my country.'"

The Illinois River development project will bear watching. The issue boils down to this—Is a single city or a single state to advance its own pet navigation schemes at the expense of other states equally important, or of the nation as a whole, or over the protests of a friendly neighbor whose coöperation is essential to any further development of the Great Lakes as a highway for commerce and a source of power?

ROBERT A. MACKAY.

Our First Internationalist

THE lay reader of American history, one who wanders among its stories in the unpretentious spirit of those who

> Walk together through the streets and note
> The qualities of people.

is likely to be tempted to dwell on certain persons whose ideas, still leading us into our unknown future, are more potent now than in their own lifetimes.

Among these persons none is more striking to me as such a reader than the remarkable figure of Thomas Paine. It was a fortunate chance for internationalism that brought Paine to America in the fateful autumn before the shot heard round the world. Among the best pieces of advice ever given by that chronic adviser, Doctor Franklin, was his excellent counsel to Paine to try his fortunes as a writer in America. It was excellent for Paine, excellent for America. All his thirty-eight years of struggle and frustration in the poverty of England —his apprenticeship at thirteen as a stitcher on the bench, his failure as a small shopkeeper, his failure as an exciseman, his loss of his young wife—fitted Paine to understand the sorrows, the poverty, the frustration of the New World for which he wrote so well.

Here was a land very different from the eighteenth century scene of lavender-sprigged china and clean cobbled streets our colonial histories too often present. Wide was the prestige of cruelty and rapine in 1774 throughout the wild territory now known as the United States. In Spanish America, the Indian God of the Sun whose pride demanded human sacrifice at the altar had been replaced by the European God of the Inquisition whose pride demanded the rack and the crucifixion. On the outskirts of all the European colonization, Spanish, French and English and its internal strife, hovered the menace of the dispossessed Indians with the monstrosities of their warfare with tomahawk, massacre, torture at the stake.

Perhaps a fourth of the present United States was then inhabited by the British colonists with a population of four millions. Almost a fourth of these were Negro slaves, destitute of all civil rights, the survivors of multitudes ravished from Africa, the rest of whom had perished of hunger, thirst, fright and heart-break in the brutalities of the slave-ships.

Such was the general continental scene where in the next twelve months after Paine's arrival the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill were fought. Paine knew and loved Washington in their common struggle for the revolutionary cause, the Washington who gave his own great-coat to Paine in the wintry campaign near Princeton and had Paine's criticism of "the Summer Soldier" read to every corporal's guard in his army.

Looking back at the variety of Paine's services in the American Revolution one is tempted to a bizarre belief that but for this international Englishman the war against Tory England could not have been won. One rereads with wonder the tale of his usefulness—that he originated the name of the United States; followed Greene and Washington in the ranks; gave all the profits from his writings to the country. With greater wonder one remembers that he wrote the resolution of the State act that freed the six thousand Negro slaves of Pennsylvania—our first Emancipation Proclamation. And these things are but half the tale.

It is a satisfaction to know that when, fifteen years after his arrival in America, Paine returned to the Old World, the England he had left with only a record of unsuccess behind him received him with open arms. The great Burke entertained him and Fox waited upon him. He was sought by noted men, by the passing great world and by genius not of the passing great world. William Blake, Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft were his companions. In France he was the friend of the Brissots, the Rolands, the group later known as the Girondists.

It was at this period that he produced his titan work—The Rights of Man. In England, in the United States, in France, Paine had known well the lives of the masses. He had struggled and starved in peace and fought in the ranks in the wars. He had lived in the poverty of the city and of the country-side—the poverty that knows no country. He was a clear-sighted, democratic observer. If for no other reason The Rights of Man will survive as a great, original chronicle of the hand-to-mouth life of millions over the surface of the globe —a book international in its appeal, international in its sources.

A visitor to Paris in the year 1793 might have seen, seated in the garden of the old mansion of Madame de Pompadour in the Faubourg Saint

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Denis, a circle of American, French and English people, men and women, the beautiful Mary Wollstonecraft, Captain Gilbert Imlay, Condorcet, Brissot, Roland, Madame Roland. The centre of this group was a talkative, eloquent man in the late fifties, with a distinguished figure, and the bearing of an expert horseman. He was clean shaven, had a subtly-modeled and delicate mouth and chin, a high forehead, a prominent, thin nose, rather like Emerson's, and wore his dark hair tied and unpowdered. The most striking characteristic of his presence was the brilliancy of his dark glance which has been remarked by so many of his contemporaries—"the man who has genius in his eyes."

Such was the appearance of the international Thomas Paine in the last decade of the eighteenth century. Though he could read and write French and understand it in conversation he could not speak it. Yet he had been an influential aid of the Girondists in securing more power for the people, now in control of the National Assembly after the downfall of the Bourbons. In spite of the barrier of language the Assembly had made him an honorary French citizen and had asked him to represent the Department of Calais in its counsels.

The chief interest of the National Assembly at this point before the rise of the Terror was centred in the struggle over the fate of Louis XVI, Louis Capet, as he was now entitled. Paine desired the arrest and trial of the King as a dangerous influence against the welfare of the French people. But from the beginning he had attempted to protect him from the guillotine, and had urged that he be exiled to America. Unhappily, during the discussions of the Deputies, public feeling against Louis was roused to fury by the discovery of a box of papers offering conclusive evidence of Louis's attempt to betray the French to their foreign enemies.

The final debate centred around Paine's speech. While his French colleague Bancal read his address to the hushed and thoughtful assembly, the American-Englishman stood beside him in the tribunal, a stranger in the counsels of a strange nation, now on the brink of a vast catastrophe.

Wise, truthful, persuasive, the speech was obviously making a strong impression. Who can say what would have happened if its wisdom had prevailed in the still thought of the minds of that listening audience in that hour? Perhaps if Louis had not been guillotined the Terror might not have risen.

However that might be, Louis Blanc tells us that Paine's speech so influenced the Deputies that Marat feared the continuance of their attention to his words, and interrupted the interpreter, in the intention of destroying the effect of the appeal.

Guizot has told us that Marat cried:

> I denounce the interpreter. I maintain that it is not Thomas Paine's opinion! It is an untrue translation.
>
> Garran—I have read the original and the translation is correct. (Prolonged uproar. Paine, still standing in the tribunal beside his interpreter, Deputy Bancal, declares the sentiments to be his.)
>
> Paine—Your executive committee will nominate an ambassador to Philadelphia. My sincere wish is that he may announce to America that the National Convention of France out of pure friendship to America has consented to respite Louis. That people by my vote ask you to delay the execution.
>
> Marat (launching himself into the middle of the hall)—Paine voted against the punishment of death because he is a Quaker!
>
> Paine—I voted against it from both moral motives and motives of public policy.

The murderous mob had its way. Paine failed. Robespierre became supreme. Paine was arrested by his agents, though for no stated charge, and imprisoned in the Luxembourg. The flood of the Terror engulfed France.

To consult with Benjamin Franklin about one's future: to share the barefoot, bleeding, storm-beaten retreats of the American soldiers; to have Washington give one his great coat; to converse with Edmund Burke; to sup with the inspired draughtsman of Elijah and the Fiery Chariot; to work for a new France with Roland and Madame Roland; and now to be imprisoned in wild Paris, in the beautiful, storied walls of the Luxembourg with the dreams, the conversations, the despairs of some of the finest friends of freedom the world has ever known—who but a genius, a man of a great mind, a great heart could have experienced such a varied history of international adventure?

Thomas Paine had a talent of personal appreciation which filled his life with true romance and the shadows of its might. These shadows deepen now. Nightly his Girondist friends disappear to suffer the horror of the guillotine. Cut off from the receipt of his means from America he is penniless. No tidings reach him of American intercession for him. Appeals are vain. Washington is silent. Months pass, nearly a year.

The prison food means illness. The prisoner is deprived even of the means of cleanliness. In the squalor, the hunger of his prison months, the vivid disputant of the coffee-house, the distinguished horseman, the Deputy from Calais who held crowded Parisian levees, the brilliant influential publicist who had swayed the fortunes of multitudes becomes a mere filthy, enfeebled and lonely invalid, half-dead with shock and grief at the tragical fate of his comrades.

He falls desperately ill. An abscess forms in his side. His reason fails. For weeks he lies unconscious. Moving slowly back from the valley of the shadow, Paine was at last released from prison. But it was a broken creature who was now led out of the Luxembourg by the staunch James Monroe.

Paine longed for America. But his English outlawry, English sea-power, and the state of our ship-

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ping kept him in France for eight years after his imprisonment. The Tory fury and popular anger of England was further excited against Paine in these eight years of his enforced stay in Paris by his publication of The Age of Reason, and this storm roused against him was still raging when he landed at Baltimore in 1802 in a United States that rang with his abuse and acclaim.

In the short seven years left to Paine in the United States, he was able to perform one more striking international service. He suggested the Louisiana Purchase. While the idea was already in Jefferson's mind, yet undoubtedly Paine's advocacy was extremely influential with the President. Yet neither this nor any other of Paine's efforts for mankind availed to allay the prejudice against him in the country of his adoption. Calumny pursued him, vilified him, persecuted him in serious and in trivial reprisals, excluded him from a stagecoach, disenfranchised him in the country he had named.

Two years after Paine's arrival in America, an old French friend of his, Doctor Bonneville, who had given him refuge in Paris, grew odious to the French administration and was forced to go into hiding. His poverty-stricken wife and children sought refuge in America; and Paine loyally received and supported them. But their care was a heavy burden to his old age. Though not poor he was beset by the fear of want. He made the mistake of appealing to state legislatures, seeking reward for services long past. It is a painful picture.

Paine despised the calumnies of the public, the ingratitude, the misunderstanding. He snapped his fingers at it; said it did him no more harm than being burnt in effigy in England. He bore with fortitude during the pain of his long illness all this wearisome and miserable fortune—all the spying and persecution of mob America which pursued him even beyond the grave. He made a brave, clear consistent will in his long illness, saying he had served the good of the universe all his life and was not afraid to turn to his Maker.

He died; and was refused burial in the Quaker graveyard; and on an afternoon in early summer was laid at last in the ground of a field on his farm. Six human beings followed him to the grave—two Negroes of the race he had so long befriended, and a Quaker, Willett Hicks, and Madame Bonneville and her two children. Madame Bonneville had qualities. She seems to have been deeply moved at the thought of what the brave old man now dead had done and tried to do for her country and for his. Bidding her little boy stand at one end of the grave, she placed herself at the other; and as the earth was tumbled into it she said to the little group of the faithful:

"My son stands here as testimony of the gratitude of America, and I, for France."

And the humble representatives of the government of the world, the French woman, the two children, the Quaker, the two Negroes left their old friend to his last sleep in the farm field. Glory is of many kinds. It is not as though the burial of Thomas Paine were without glory.

Of course, even here his dust was not to rest. Carried back to England, again it was denied burial in a churchyard; and now no one knows where that dust is scattered in the visible world. But in the spiritual world, as for his six followers at the end, glory and a sense of grief still surround the thought of our first international follower of reason, justice and mercy among the governments of the earth. For all his ways and works on earth, large and little, fine and faulty, fill the reader with a knowledge of the creative energy of sincere, common mercy; of a love not forever asking to be a master or a slave; of love dedicated well and deeply to happiness, and not to a little, sharp, harried or harrying competitive pleasure, but to a great, a varied and a rewarding happiness largely conceived in the spirit of active work forever renewed toward the freedom and happiness of all the world.

In this original spirit Thomas Paine wrote and fought, thought and lived and suffered and died. He could not live always according to his own writings. He was not good enough for this. No one is good enough of course. But a beautiful flame and warmth still shine for us from the torch lighted by our first internationalist along the strange world march of representative governments into the unknown future.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

Autumn Threshold

Between the sunset and the dark
The whole year hangs in green suspense;
The apple leaf and apple bark
Have swelled their last; above the fence
The sumach's fur is ripe for frost.
All life is run, no life is lost;
The red fruit shines, the fly and mouse
Edge closer to the barn and house.

Between the sunset and the birth
Of yellow star and white moon blade
The year hangs wholly still. The earth
Broods on its leafy light and shade.
The spotted antlers of the tree
Breathe introspective mystery;
A crest of granite, shadow-browed,
Lifts Dream itself against a cloud.

This interval between the greed
Of Growth and Death is more than these.
Is too much asked, is too much freed?
Is silence perilous with keys?
It will not last, it will not hold;
Death strikes the green with yellow cold,
Across the moon black leaves are blown
And the wind pulls the red fruit down.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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Washington Notes

UP at Paul Smith's, the good Calvin says never a word about 1928. On every other subject the White House spokesman breaks all records for loquacity, what time he is not hauling out of the lake the fish planted there for that purpose, or making a pal of his guide, as the administration papers, with nary a smile, the other day reported him as doing. He may be on holiday, but the luckless White House correspondents who followed him into the wilds, and find themselves writing never less than a column a day, on nearly every topic under the sun, are not. However, if our President says nothing about the coming national election, rest assured that he is emulating the sailor's parrot. One of the individuals who give him most cause for thought, not to say worry, is Nick Longworth, the good-natured and bespatted Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Now Nick is such a likable fellow that I imagine even Mr. Coolidge thinks well of him, in so far as the little man's ice-bound inhibitions will let him think well of anybody but himself. Yet my scouts on the firing-line tell me they seem to discern a growing coolness between Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Longworth. Nick, of course, has been the soul of propriety in his attitude toward his Presidential boomlet. He would no more discuss it publicly than he would go to work unshaved, and anyone who knows Nick will understand what a superlative statement that is. He has acted with becoming restraint, even though some of his friends have not been so cautious. They are inclined to criticize Calvin for not letting them in on his plans so they may know whether to begin to line up state delegations and key men in the party organization. Not a word of this nature has escaped Nick's lips, though there may have been other signs, of serious portent to Mr. Coolidge's little band of anxious friends—very little, and beginning to be very anxious.

Mr. Longworth, this last winter and spring, went to a good many private and public parties, more or less festive and joyous, and at many of these he was heralded as "our next President" without taking any offense, as the Coolidge people apparently would have him do. On the contrary, Nick has been known to smile at such ebullitions. It may reveal the kind of sentiment that exists for Longworth among those who do not take partisanship too seriously, to say that at several rather important and significant gatherings the principal toast has been, "If it can't be Al Smith, let it be Nick Longworth." Most of these affairs were sponsored by men friendly to the New York Governor's Presidential ambitions, men of the hail-fellow-well-met type who would prefer a Longworth to a Coolidge in any chair, Presidential or otherwise. It is an interesting commentary on Longworth, revealing both his strength and his weaknesses, that this aristocratic and blooded gallant seems to appeal to the same crowd who worship the humble, rough-spoken prodigy from New York's East Side.

To my mind, however, this bipartisan appeal is one of Nick's chief weaknesses and should he reach the White House might prove his undoing, as it did Harding's. Smith has the faculty of controlling the mob that idolizes him, while Longworth seems to let them control him. Nick, like Harding, is a bit too amiable, too easy-going, too slow to assert himself. He hates to hurt people's feelings —yet no man is called upon to step on the other fellow's toes more often than the Speaker of the House of Representatives, except possibly the President of the United States.

As Speaker, Mr. Longworth stepped on no toes and kicked no shins. He was hardly what you would call a howling success. He was absolutely helpless when controversial questions arose during the closing days of the last session. He could not even fix the date for adjournment and his legislative program was torn to bits by the farm bloc and river and harbor group headed by the hoary and venerable Martin B. Madden of Illinois. For over a month the 435 bad boys of the lower body simply laughed at the plans and desires of the Longworth-Tilson leadership.

In his rulings on important questions Mr. Longworth showed a lack of iron in his constitution; he either ducked making decisions or so construed the rules that they would please the greatest possible number. His failure to rule on whether a demand for reapportionment has privileged status, taking precedence over everything on the calendar, was perhaps the most striking example of his aversion to mixing in controversial matters. Instead of giving a clear-cut decision, Nick chose to refer it to the House, though he must have known such an interested party would postpone redistricting as provided by the Constitution and all theories of representative government.

Though he seemed to agree with those who opposed immediate consideration on the ground it would upset orderly procedure, Mr. Longworth later permitted a bear garden exhibition the like of which has not been seen in many years. A certain Michigan member took advantage of a personal privilege claim to talk for five hours on questions which had nothing to do with his reason for taking the floor, and despite hot and repeated protests the Speaker let him ramble on, probably because Mr. Longworth sympathized with the Michigan man's views. If the Longworth precedent is followed, future filibusterers need only to take exception to any editorial or news story in which they are adversely mentioned to hold the House at their mercy.

Under the Longworth leadership, too, the House staged one of the most expensive river and harbor filibusters in history, with favorable votes picked up for $2,000,000 apiece. While this plundering and freebooting cannot be charged to Nick's personal account he was the leader of the Republican-controlled body responsible for it.

Whether Nick takes the line of least resistance out of a desire to be a good fellow or to further his political aspirations doesn't make much difference; the fact remains that he takes it. With the people showing signs of getting tired of the present Chief Executive's habit of not saying or doing anything that requires courage or energy, Mr. Longworth's chances would be improved if he could manage to adopt a more vigorous and commanding manner.

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Even as things are, his Presidential chances should not be taken so lightly as some people are inclined to do. He is popular; he is rich; he has been in the game a long time, and, above all, his immediate family contains one of the shrewdest political minds of the present day in the person of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who lived in the White House once, and wouldn't at all mind returning there. Mr. Coolidge is quite right to give some anxious thought to this subject between bites (I refer to mosquito *and* fish; I daresay they are all the same to him).

T. R. B.

Washington.

Silence in Italy

In and Out the House

IT is plain that to the Italian servants who belong to the house that my friend Mrs. B— has taken for June, she is a perpetual astonishment. She is a tall woman, with a large, comely frame, masses of rich hair, and luxurious movements; and this the Venetian cook and butler and maid can understand, for such splendors in a lady are well within their tradition. What puzzles them is her calm. They are dumb before her imperturbable stretches of expressing nothing at all. At times they recover, for Mrs. B—'s habit is to sit silent or speak quietly until all of a sudden she bursts into a sound like a peacock, loud and surprising—this is when she laughs. Otherwise she is a constant sort of apparition to them, like Pallas alighting on a column or the Madonna at a battle.

Today Maria, the maid, fell down the stair into the court with a tray of dishes, the fine old purple Wedgewood that the owner of the house has collected in England and some of his collection of Venetian glasses with the landscapes in gilt upon them. The fall crashed through the house, together with Maria's screams and prayers. Louisa the cook and her father and Ampelio the butler and a caller of theirs, everyone rushed out of the kitchen, calling on the Virgin and swearing. But no one tried to pick up Maria; she lay there crying and moaning with the things scattered around her. Only when the Signora appeared at the head of the stair did they do anything. At the sight of Mrs. B— they rushed to Maria and raised her to her feet, and the shouting and oaths and crying stopped.

Meantime, there in the street outside and during it all, two little English artists, busy as hens, went on sketching the house.

The Authoress

On the boat that starts every morning at ten for the Lido this lady sits. Her face is made up into a deathly white, her hair is bronzed and short, her nails have all the cuticle cut away and are reddened until they look like talons small but red with the flesh of some unearthly romance. She wears the thinnest of clothes always, an underslip of pale rose, perhaps, with a faint chiffon slip above it, thin to the last degree, as if she were a mere wraith or spirit in a chic world. If you watch her, however, you will see that sometimes she gives an involuntary shiver and clutches at her shoulders, until she remembers and controls herself. She is more silent than a grave, some white grave by a wide sea no doubt. She is so silent that the Italians around her gradually, as the boat passes San Giorgio and comes into the lagoon, feel the quality of the moment. Their bright talk lessens and grows still; she is the mute centre of an awkward, puzzled muteness. But for a bargeman in his craft nearby bawling a song, the air might really be silent for a spell. Some of these Venetians around her doubtless think this lady insane, some that she is foreign, some that she is an artist.

One morning only have I heard her speak. We were half way on our little voyage when the lady laid her white, thin hands with their shining red nails across her bosom. A friend was on her left, a young matron under a large black hat. The lady said, "Do you know, every night all night I see the face of an Egyptian and every morning I find a dead bird in my room."

And her friend after a long pause of appreciation, said in a gentle, low voice, "You could use that."

Coliseum by Moonlight

Americans long since gave up visiting the Coliseum by moonlight; it is too Victorian, touristic and sentimental. But my Italian friends have told me how serene and majestic it is by night and by moonlight even more so. They counsel me to go—vi consiglio—they say earnestly.

As I enter the vast shadow of the place, into which the silver light of the rising moon begins to spread, I hear mandolins and guitars tinkling above a great commotion. Ragamuffins are playing hide-and-seek among the piers and ramparts, and shouting and yelling to one another. An old woman is selling squash seeds and apples and squalling her wares around the circling corridors.

Into this moonlit and shadowed bedlam I see an Italian family coming, with friends perhaps. They appear through one of the great arches, a number of ladies and gentlemen and several children. Everyone in the party is fanning and talking and looking about the place—Oh, com' è si sta bene qua! they say to each other. Com' è tranquillo! How lovely it is here! How tranquil! They say this continuously, turning to each other and fanning. Com' è si sta bene qua! Oh! Com' è tranquillo!

The Quiet of the Eye

In the tram from Florence up to Fiesole I fall to thinking, as I ride on from the row and roar of the Piazza del Duomo, the cars screeching, the boys yelling, the motor horns, the bells and the hawkers' cries, and gain the edges of the town. There is a fair noise still, to be sure, but it is only a merciful rumor of the power below. I fall to thinking of the amount of noise I have heard in Italy since my arrival ten days ago.

Not that I mind the people's having their noise, I say to the Franciscan brother beside me in the tram, with whom I have been conversing, not that; for after all, I say, it is a rich country, with plenty of oil in the food and cheese, flowers in the gardens, blood in the veins, and sun

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in the air. But—to recount—there was Genoa that first night after landing, all the exaltation of that proudest street in the world, a mile of palaces, white, yellow, red, green and rose, and afterward the hotel room high up for the mythical quiet but really above a town that was abroad till two o'clock, talking, honking, rattling past, with relapses toward the small hours into mere shouts and songs from groups of people going home, and then at seven in the morning the workmen on the new bank across the court, whistling and singing as loud as possible.

Pavia then, to see the great Certosa, that marvel of Renaissance sophistication—I take a room most carefully at the back of the hotel, which, ere the fading of the last stars, turns out to be above a courtyard as full as a ballad of horses and men. Next night Parma; and at Parma the young men sang as they passed, concluding some sort of celebration of the New Italy at four in the morning, after which the traffic stirred for the new day and, around six, the small shops began to sweep and swirl and the trades to awaken. "Do you remember, Padre," I say to the Franciscan, "how they managed at Sybaris, your ancient city of perfect delight, down at the foot of Italy! No noisy trade was allowed within the walls. All noisy trades were removed to a nearby mountain, where there was a town of them, serving Sybaris."

I deem this rather neat of Sybaris, but since my companion takes it quietly, I go on to tell him of Modena and what happened there. At Modena I went to the hotel recommended by various persons for its newness and its retired position. I took a room on the top floor of the Regina, on the top floor at the back. Outside the window there seemed to be but walls and passageways, no street, no church bells, only a building; which next day at dawn turned out to be, according to Baedeker, the largest cavalry station in Italy, bugles and all. "And so," I say to the good father, "I have lost hope, there is no silence to be had."

His gentle eyes turn from me and look out of the tram window up to the hill where his convent rises in the twilight air. I must come and see his garden, he says; he will take me into the wood, the bosco beyond, that crowns the summit and covers the place where Catiline made his last stand. There, he says, is peace, serene tranquility. I must come, there will be time before benediction.

We climb the hill and traverse the two cloisters. Cries come to us from the bosco, and the barking of dogs. In the space to one side of the wood, I see a moment later the novices and younger brothers, their brown habits tucked up about their knees, playing football; they are kicking the ball about and shouting to one another. The monastery hounds run about among them, leaping and barking. The bells of San Girolamo just below clang back and forth, the myriad bells of Florence far down the hill clang, bang and boom. But the little Franciscan wood is gentle and still in the twilight air, the trunks clear against the shadows, the sky far off and quiet. The silence of the eye is everywhere. "Com' è sereno!" the brother says, looking happily about him. It seems best to let it go at that.

STARK YOUNG.

The Abstract Movie

IN Mrs. Woolf's essay, The Movies and Reality (the New Republic, August 4) there occurs this sentence:

> Something abstract, something which moves with controlled and conscious art, something which calls for the very slightest help from words or music to make itself intelligible, yet justly uses them subserviently—of such movements and abstractions the films may, in time to come, be composed.

The keen intelligence of the whole essay ought to tempt every one who has been thinking about the movies to write an extensive commentary; but the sentence quoted has peculiar interest because it is apparently written without knowledge of the abstract films which have been made in Paris in the last two or three years, films which already make the conditional future unnecessary. At least a part of the films of tomorrow will be composed of the elements Mrs. Woolf mentions.

Of the three films I have seen, two at least have been shown in New York by the Film Guild and the Film Associates, the film made by the French cubist painter Fernand Léger collaborating with the American Dudley Murphy, and the film sponsored by Comte Etienne de Beaumont, Of What Are Young Films Dreaming (an unhappy flavorless translation of the French title which was a pun on the name of de Musset's play). The third was made to be shown between the two parts of the last of the Swedish ballets under Rolf de Maré, and is called Entr'-acte. Of these, the Beaumont film seems to me to be the most completely realized, the Léger-Murphy film which was the pioneer, the least; but as the three films are identical in essence and in significance, I shall not try to judge among them, nor to identify the separate points of interest by name.

It is extremely difficult for the American, accustomed to an involved plot dominating even such films as exploit a dominant player, to gather by word of mouth the actual content of these films; that they can be interesting passes belief. Fortunately for the critic he has only to write down what he has actually seen; these films are made for pure visual enjoyment. In general the spectator has seen objects in motion; the objects may be easily identified—a straw hat, a boat on the Seine, a row of bottles, a shoot-the-chutes; or they may be distorted, seen through a prismatic glass, through smoke, at unusual angles, upside down. The movement may be accelerated or retarded, shown backward, repeated, tricked in a hundred ways. There may be a swelling blot of ink on a pane of glass, a shadow endowed with proper life, mysterious darkness or twilight on the screen; human beings may be present, as actors, as masses, as incidentals. There may be a mock funeral with the mourners in slow motion and the hearse running off by itself, or a green triangle may leap under and through a red circle, faster and faster in a geometrical struggle for supremacy, or the city of Paris may rush headlong to perdition as the airplane from which the picture is taken nose-dives around the Eiffel Tower.

Anyone familiar with the pictures will recognize some

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of these elements: the cleverer news reels, the trick pictures in which a cow walks into itself, added to a touch of the Clavilux will supply at least half of the sensations in seeing an abstract film. Until the abstract picture arrived, in fact, the trick movie was the "purest" in a technical sense. What the abstract picture has added is deliberate intention. The repetitions, the changes of pace, the variations in the form projected in the Léger picture were intended to create cumulative emotion, coming to a climax. It was not wholly successful; I have noted before that the only actually moving part of that picture was concerned with a woman bearing a burden up a hill, and being eternally shifted back to the bottom just as she reached the crest. To make the film theoretically successful this suggestion of human emotion ought to have been omitted; yet it, too, was entirely cinematographic, and did not depend upon story. Entr'acte was vaguely connected with the ballet, Relâche, and Borlin, the principal dancer, appeared too regularly; in the Beaumont film the only persons one recalls at all are a few well known Parisians whose faces are distorted as in the comic mirrors at Coney Island. In each of the films the most significant part was that played by the variation of movement and the variation of forms. There was excitement in the changing speeds at which bottles moved about each other; there was extraordinary pleasure to the eye in watching a tiny object spinning round on a moving phonograph record and seen through a distorting glass; there was a prime thrill in the dip and sway of the roller coaster, a movement which took in the whole visible world and was felt at the pit of the stomach. In two of the pictures there appeared the most beautiful scenic shots I have ever seen, with the color-scheme reversed, so that trees were white against a black sky.

None of these pictures is entirely successful; all three are exceptionally fine movies and important in the progress of the movie. They all have created images on the screen and proved that these images can call our emotions into being; but none of them has tried to be specific. None of them has tried to use a definite image for the communication of a definite thought. They have proved that symbols can be evocative on the screen; it is enough.

Until recently The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari has been uniquely the art-film, and it is interesting to note that Mrs. Woolf's thoughts on the movies were inspired by this hardy outrider. There were several important things in Caligari, most of them noted so often as to cause nausea to our good American directors. Caligari used expressionistic (i.e., entirely unrealistic, but emotionally correct) settings for its action, and would have been an entire failure if the rhythm of the principal players had not also been cast in a mode of unreality. The shape of an attic or of a window, the bizarre unexplained appearance of a patch of sunlight without a source, the use of levels, inclines and curves, all contributed to the intensity of emotion which the story was to call up. It was in no sense an abstract film, but it indicated, years before the abstract film was made, to what ultimate use it may be put. Because I think it quite unreasonable to suppose that we shall give up the story-film; the film, properly handled, tells a story magnificently, and so far has been a disappointment only because it has found no way to tell more than the outside of a story, telling it blatantly and vulgarly. Caligari succeeded at moments in suggesting thought and feelings without always depending upon action. ("A kiss is love. A broken cup is jealousy.") The abstract film which will give the director symbols and images will give him at the same time a hundred times his present capacity to tell his story, to give it the third dimension it has so far been lacking, an intellectual and emotional content.

The abstract film, like the trick film and the news reel, has worked severely within the limitations of the machinery of taking and projecting; it has called in few outside aids. (I believe that Satie wrote the ballet music, and that part of it accompanied Entr'acte; but I saw it alone and heard nothing beyond the ordinary piano; the other two films I saw in small projection rooms, without music.) That means that as soon as the director feels free to do so, and brings his technique up to the required point, he can embody all that these films teach him. In the actual taking of pictures the American director is probably unexcelled; the technical proficiency he needs is in knowing how a thing will look when taken, in knowing how to displace or distort his object in front of the camera; I should also think that a knowledge of psychology would not be inappropriate. He will displease the fanatical amateurs of the abstract picture by using a few hundred feet here and there to heighten an emotion; but he will gradually enlarge the available field for the movie and teach the movie-going public to look for more and care for more than he has previously given.

In writing about The Big Parade in this journal I noted that its finest moment was the reappearance of a line of soldiers advancing through a wood—a line seen perhaps twenty minutes earlier in the picture. The line reappeared in the midst of barrage fire; its contribution to the narrative was far less than that of many other sequences. Yet it had tremendous emotional effect because it made contact in our minds in the electrical circle of image-imagination. I am convinced that the soldiers purely as soldiers were not the cause; it was the appearance of a known line, it was the pace, the timing, the rhythm of that appearance which counted.

In all such speculations we who are not actually engaged in making movies assume one thing which the professionals instantly deny. We think that the movie can be made great by ceasing to be realistic; we insist that the camera is not a mere recorder—even the still camera is more than that, and when you add motion we feel we have scientific backing in our claim that the camera can and should transpose its objects. In short we want the moving picture to be an *art through its mechanism,* not an art through literature and not a mechanism alone. The professionals tell us we are slightly mad; and it has been left for amateurs to prove that we are sane. But the last word is still in the field of commerce. The non-realistic, the actually imaginative or creative movie will not sell. That is, I believe, true. But it is impermanently true. Our audiences have been starved of imagination so long that they may fail to recognize it and care for it. The usual method, after starvation, is to begin to feed the victim very slowly indeed.

GILBERT SELDES.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Gathering of University Women

SIR: I am writing to you from a meeting of the International Federation of University Women at Amsterdam, where the Dutch graduates have just arranged a delightful conference week for the graduates of twenty-six other countries including our 100 American alumnæ. It is very fitting that women should be meeting in a country ruled by a queen, where universal suffrage prevails, with legislation granting women the right to be elected to all official positions, and where in education women occupy a very prominent place. . . .

A session, presided over by Dr. Ellen Gleditsch (Norway, President-Elect in the place of Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of New York) was devoted to a discussion on the work of the League of Nations Committee on Intellectual Coöperation, and of the ways in which our Federation could coöperate with the Institute at Paris. A warm letter of greeting and of appreciation of the able and serious help we have already given was read from the Vice-Chairman of the Committee, Prof. Gilbert Murray, and Dr. Christine Bonnevie, his colleague from Norway, left the present session of the Committee early and traveled all night from Geneva to tell her fellow-delegates of its work.

The question of careers for women in industry, commerce and finance was also discussed by Prof. Caroline Spursion (London). Addresses on the legal position of married women engaged in professions, by Dr. Suzanne Grinberg, a noted French lawyer, and on the reconciliation of marriage and a profession, by Mrs. Gilbreth, an American efficiency engineer, caused a lively debate, in which women from many different countries took part. A paper on new ventures in education for university women by Dr. Lois Hayden Meek (U. S. A.) was very practical, and led up to an encouraging report on the fund (established at Oslo) for international fellowships for travel and research, which M. Henri Bergson predicts will serve the triple cause of scientific research, international coöperation and the widening of women's mental outlook. . . .

To me, the happiest moment of the Conference was when the German women, who have only just formed their national federation, applied for membership, and were admitted, in company with the Esthonians, the Poles and the Hungarians. In a touching and dignified address, Dr. Agnes von Zahn-Harnack, the German president, expressed the pleasure of the organized German women graduates in becoming members of an international federation whose aim is to spread the knowledge and discover the truths which will destroy ignorance and suspicion. And on behalf of her own federation she thankfully accepted the proffered friendship of the women of so many other countries, believing that mutual aims and interests and work would establish and maintain a stable basis for international understanding. . . .

Amsterdam, Holland. ALYS RUSSELL.

How Shall We Wage Peace?

SIR: Your readers may like to know that the annual Conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and Fellowship of Youth for Peace is being held September 9 to 12 at the Hotel Plimpton, Watch Hill, R. I., and will discuss this year the all-important subject of waging peace.

Beginning with outstanding challenges to peace such as militarism in the United States, industrial strife and race conflict, the Conference will proceed through discussion groups to consider waging peace through (1) newspapers, magazines and pamphlets, (2) education, (3) personal action in situations of conflict, (4) established organizations. Leaders of these four discussion groups will be Dr. Norman Thomas, Prof. Henry R. Mussey, Roger N. Baldwin and Mrs. Howard Richards. In addition to these other expert leaders will be present to share in the discussions.

The Conference will be a significant gathering of peace workers who are in earnest. It has room for all kinds. In using the word "peace" we mean not merely anti-war activities but the building of attitudes and relationships in every phase of life—economic, racial, religious and political, which are necessary to a creative, harmonious society on a world-wide basis.

New York, N. Y. J. NEVIN SAYRE.

William James and the Individual

SIR: The article by Mr. Dewey on William James in the New Republic leads me to ask whether it is either valid or valuable to discuss James in terms of American tribal ideas. Mr. Dewey treats chiefly of James's relation to the "frontier" life of America, and I question whether this treatment leads anywhere. It is reasonable so to discuss Mark Twain with his vivid but extremely inchoate personality, but William James, like Abraham Lincoln, was not inchoate but singularly complete. He was far too complete to be typical of anything in a society that is too rampantly individual to be tribally effective, and too tribal to be individually significant. James's stress was on the worth of the individual experience as growing into action, while the pioneering exploitation-temper of America stressed the individual action and not the experience, except in that most formless of forms, religious conversion. If the salvation of the future lies in reanimating the tribal gods and tribal religion, we can dispense with James and hitch our wagons to the Mussolinis and the Legion, but if things are to be otherwise, then it will be important to see in William James the proponent of the individual in experience, of the *person* whose action shall be social because his experience, though individual, is rich and comprehensive.

Paris, France. LEO STEIN.

Motors and the Decline in Morals

SIR: Your recent editorial on The Murderous Motor perhaps makes pertinent a reflection which has come to me many times of late. I have noticed (as what reader of the press has not?) the number of auto drivers who run down a pedestrian and then put on all speed to get away, never stopping to see whether the victim is unhurt, is seriously injured or killed. In many cases, of course, the failure to give assistance results in deaths which would not occur if first aid were administered.

This spirit of indifference is not confined to motorists. I have personal knowledge of the case of a friend of mine, an elderly gentleman, who slipped one winter night on an icy pavement in New York City and broke his leg. He lay for twenty minutes groaning and calling for help, during which time a number of persons—he thinks at least ten or fifteen—hurried past ignoring him, before anyone would stop and find out what was the matter. Not long ago, the New York newspapers recorded an incident wherein one man beat up another very badly, with his fists, on Broadway in the middle of the day, while a crowd of scores of persons, men and women, looked on for twenty minutes and no one lifted a finger to assist the victim.

My feeling in regard to all this is that it would have been almost inconceivable in the America of two or three generations ago. I cannot imagine my great-grandfather or any of his contemporaries accidentally injuring someone and then running away without even stopping to find out how badly the victim was hurt. Neither can I picture these elder Americans standing by to watch one man cruelly beaten by another who for all they know may be a highwayman or an insane person, or hurrying past a man lying in the snow and calling for help.

Am I wrong? Is there a deterioration in the quality of the individual human stuff since the end of the pioneer era? Or is the change inevitable, the other manners which come with other times? If there is a deterioration, what has brought it about? I should be interested to know the opinions of some of your other readers. FELIX ORMSBY.

New York, N. Y.

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The Defeat of Coleridge

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by Hugh I'Anson Fausset. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 350 pages. $3.50.

THE student of literary reputations finds nothing in his collection more wonderful than Coleridge. He flashes into effulgence with The Ancient Mariner and Christabel. He glows intermittently as critic of Wordsworth and interpreter of Shakespeare. He vanishes into the darkness of theological metaphysics where his mysterious course is plotted and followed by many. His life like his work is a thing of fragments, a strange product of dissociation. There is the early revolutionary dream of pantisocracy shared with Southey, the absorption in nature and poetry inspired by the Wordsworths, the lifted horizon of Germany, the period of journalism and politics, of lectures and criticism, shadowed by opium, the long evening when Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill like a sage, overlooking the disorderly scene of life's battle and giving inspiration to the young men who were still in the fight. And running through the broken fabric of this career are the bright threads of personal relations with Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and the intense if Platonic passions for the two women of the austere Wordsworth household—Dorothy Wordsworth and Sarah Hutchinson. All this mass of baffling, discordant material and achievement Mr. Fausset has patiently worked into his study. He has written a descriptive rather than a narrative biography, distinguished as in the case of his John Donne by the inclusiveness of his method and the consistency of his interpretation. He deals with the three aspects of Coleridge's career, poetic, critical and philosophical, and finds a common denominator for them in his character.

The key to Coleridge's personality is given in his own words: "I was driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation." We know from Wordsworth's careful biographies of his poems that they were composed usually when the poet was walking hither and thither about the dales, or at least pacing his own garden walk. Coleridge's poems repeatedly bear witness to the fact that they were wrought while he was lying down. His characteristic attitude is that in The Æolian Harp.

> And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
> Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
> Whilst through my half-closed eyelids I behold
> The sunbeams dance like diamonds, on the main,
> And tranquil muse upon tranquility.

His finest poem, as Mr. Fausset observes, was composed when he was stirred to strenuous physical exertion, on that famous walk with Wordsworth which gave birth to The Ancient Mariner. In such circumstances Coleridge caught from Wordsworth the device of using the language of practical life, of actual experience, to embody the dreams of his inner consciousness; but that happy blending which in The Ancient Mariner and the fragment of Christabel gives an effect of reality to a world of magic lasted only a few months. For the rest Coleridge found himself condemned to sterility by the paucity of his experience of life. "The tree of his experience was planted in shallow earth," observes his biographer, "and so although it shot up with precocious speed and laced heaven with its branches, the live sap of reality ran but thinly through them."

The tragedy of Coleridge as poet came through his realization and understanding of his failure. His own conception of poetry forbade him to rest contented with the mere melody of words and rhythms, of such dream verse as Kubla Khan. "He knew that a poet must be true to his medium, that he was both more and less than a musician, and that words should serve an intelligible as well as an enchanting purpose." Poetry must be a criticism of life as well as natural magic. And yet "often as he preached the necessity of a union of feeling and thought for both the poet and the philosopher, he himself could never really unite them, because for him they lacked a common denominator in primary experience."

The situation so poignantly tragic for the creative artist was not without compensation for the critic. It was in Germany that Coleridge discovered a new objective of criticism, from men "who had broken through the formal and external methods of classical criticism and were studying art less for its own sake than for the light which it threw upon the nature of the intellectual and moral faculties." Poetry was a reality to Coleridge, a living fact. In dealing with it he found himself in a world of the concrete, which his own close observation of his mental processes helped him to understand. He thus became the father of psychological criticism. Particularly when dealing with Wordsworth is his power evident, for he had stood near to his friend in the great years of his creative work, and had shared in the actual experience of it. His association with Wordsworth was, as Mr. Fausset truly says, the central point in Coleridge's life.

> Coleridge knew Wordsworth's virtues as a poet by comparison with his own defects, and he knew Wordsworth's defects in comparison with his own virtues. The result was that the chapters which he devoted to Wordsworth's critical theory and to the defects and beauties of his poetry are among the finest pieces of sustained and penetrating criticism which exist.

Coleridge's failure as a philosopher was due to the same cause which limited his success as a poet to a few masterpieces. From a child he felt himself endowed with an almost supernatural sense of the universal reality, but when he tried to embody it in a logical system he was again thrown on futility. "As a thinker he was to move in involved circles of argument about a reality which he could never seize because he could not relate it to fact." Mr. Fausset emphasizes the unity of his study in bringing Coleridge's metaphysics as well as his poetry to the modern pragmatic test. In both, his absorption in his own inner life resulted in introversion, in speculation remote from the common basis of human experience which Santayana calls animal faith.

> The great philosopher is a great poet inverted. He interprets a rich experience in terms of idea, as the poet in terms of image. Significant metaphysics are creative as significant poetry is: both transcend the purely personal and accidental, both are rooted in a physical sense of life. His metaphysics, like his poetry, were possessed by the spirit of evasion, were an escape from the real rather than an apprehension and analysis of reality, although in both he achieved moments of remarkable insight.

The best of those recurring moments were those in which, through reference to the processes of his own mind, he was able to raise into clear sight the distinction, which

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had been the cause of warfare with headmaster Boyer in the schoolrooms of Christ's Hospital, between the immanent reality and the material world of the senses and intelligence. These moments doubtless made the "glorious islets" which Carlyle saw rise out of the haze of his talk, "balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible." It was this apprehension of the world within, although he could never reconcile it with the world without, which made Coleridge the master of those who know by intuition rather than by reason. The Victorians were divided into two camps, the one maintaining the authority of instinct and the other that of intelligence, or as Carlyle phrased it, the unconscious against the conscious. Newman, Maurice, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin were of the former, all owing allegiance to Coleridge in their struggle for the absolute, the transcendental, the vitalistic as against the relative, the empirical, the mechanistic. Carlyle was their field captain, and it was perhaps impatience at the prophet's uncertain leadership which inspired the brilliant malice of his famous chapter on Coleridge at Highgate in his Life of John Sterling. At all events it can scarcely be doubted that his acute sense of Coleridge's failure to preserve the "identity between the actual and the real" accounted for his own strenuous assertion of the claims of both, and his effort to harmonize them in such doctrine as that of natural supernaturalism.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Profits with Honor

The Ethics of Business, by Edgar L. Heermance. New York: Harper and Brothers. 244 pages. $2.

MR. HEERMANCE'S book deserves well of social students for one real service. It winnows out the gist of many business codes and presents an orderly view of the matters on which their testimony is specific and cumulative. We thus get a sort of official exhibit of business's concern with fair competition, with public good will, with trustworthy advertising, with the elimination of bribery, with integrity in sales agreements. Moreover, the summary of pronouncements on these matters is prefaced by a sketch of the trade associations, which have been the chief agencies of advance in American business standards. The resulting picture, therefore, is one in which the code declarations appear against a background of trade experience.

As a summary of ethical commitments its showing is significant both for what is outstanding and for what is lacking. The codes are definite and trenchant in what they say about stealing your competitor's customers, enticing away his employed help, running down his goods and underselling him by price-cutting below costs. These are the practices which multiply the hazards of enterprise. In what they say about fair profits, however, and about relations with employes, the codes grow vague. Business practice in these areas awaits a more inward urge to betterment.

How significant, socially, are all these declarations? To the author they display the present "ideals" of American business. He defends their claim to be genuine "standards" against those who press questions as to actual practice. An ideal, however, takes rank as such less by measured performance than by two other criteria: namely (1) its organizing force in the personality as an inner incentive; (2) its outreach towards *means* of achievement. Judged by these criteria, the "standards" here professed must be viewed with reservations. The incentives that inform a new functional ideal are fresh, positive and intrinsic. A new business ideal, therefore, would envisage something more than the shedding of impediments to profits. It would represent some newly-sensed satisfaction in business as a way of life—a life-enriching value, and one not to be merely counterpoised to the desire for profits (as is done in Rotary talk about "service"), but to be integrated with the old acquisitive drive. No such alchemy of desires can be discerned in Mr. Heermance's account. The urge to better practice sprang simply from the fact that current acquisitive practices had become self-defeating. In one case, for example, the competitive tactics of three leading manufacturers had led to debasements of product and service that turned the public against the whole industry and lost it millions of dollars. The ensuing reforms can hardly be acclaimed as tokens of an "ethical movement." They may set the stage for positive ethical ideals, but these begin to figure on it only as men value the social by-play of business. At present, the thinness of utterance in the codes on the key-themes of profits and employe-relations betrays the prevailing personal barrenness where one looks for interests beyond those of raw acquisition and bossing.

By the second criterion—a concern with means of realization—the code ideals have a better status. The association behind the code has in many cases set forward activities of fact finding, standardizing and cost accounting that afford a basis for competition in quality and service instead of competitive scoops in an unstabilized market. Readers of this book may not share its author's faith in the after-dinner idealism of pronouncements and smoke-rings at trade conventions. But they will concede that measures directed in the first instance to mere economy in trading effort have set up relationships and released energies which can now be directed towards a real socialization of American business.

A. D. SHEFFIELD.

Poetic Drama

Lilith, by George Sterling. New York: The Macmillan Company. 116 pages. $1.50.

Nobodaddy, by Archibald Macleish. Cambridge: Dunster House. 67 pages. $6.

MR. DREISER in a prefatory note commends Lilith for unique richness of thought, "because of its modernity as to astronomical truth as well as its conception of pleasure and pain as the two realities." The astronomical bearing, which, if it exists at all, is secondary, may be disregarded. The major thesis would appear to resolve itself to this: man is subject to an overriding passion (that is the passion of sex), which is sinful and moreover a cheat, debasing without recompense his nobler part. Even if, being purged by age or what not, he is able to resist this passion, it is in face of a presumption that there is no morality anyway, that the race is doomed to extinction, and that the senses are the only certain indices of anything.

The importance of this as a contribution to thought is not even dubious. Some such insidious medley of rational idea and conventional emotion has staggered most reflective adolescents. Yet worse themes have been the subject of good verse. Unfortunately, and notwithstanding Mr. Dreiser's raptures over its æsthetics, this poem is nondescript.

The structure is limp, and except for a slight variation

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in the last act, of an appalling symmetry. Exactly when Tancred by a show of speechifying and occasional songs has proved himself most the devoted son, the true friend, the husband of a pure girl, the temptress appears as by evocation and makes short work of the nicer affections. The personages are traditional, the basic invention is as simple as that of a morality play; but the telling naïveté of the morality is lacking. There is a superstructure of claptrap: mediæval sets, paladins and jesting servitors, a fool, a magician who exclaims, "Bubbles on poison!" Furthermore, whatever has been her moral standing to date, here Lilith is much degraded æsthetically. She becomes a cinema sin, an abominable apparition in diaphanous robes, who is saluted by a burst of expletives (typically "O God! O Christ!") and herself makes very free with feeble voluptuous metaphor.

Mr. Sterling is a veteran poet, the author of numerous lyrics and dramatic poems. Naturally his professional facility asserts itself in some good lines; but this grandiose effort betrays him to his worst side, to an almost wholly derivative verse, to all manner of rhetoric, the tawdrily pretty, the grotesque, the pompous.

In Nobodaddy Mr. Archibald Macleish also has cast into dramatic verse a philosophical concept. He shows himself to be talented and possessed of taste. Here is no clutter of theatrical accoutrement, rather a careful simplicity. Nobodaddy is on the face of it not a play, but a poem in play form.

To Mr. Macleish, at any rate, there is force in his theme, which, somewhat unnecessarily, he states, "the accident of human self-consciousness, and the resultant human exclusion from nature, animal and inanimate." The idea is not, of course, peculiar to Mr. Macleish, but the burden of it is upon him, so that he has been able to make of it not a startling but a genuine and a distinguished poem.

He has some mastery of conception, for he has accomplished, without shock of adjustment to the reader, his distortion of the Eden story. One accepts this God, not the God of Genesis, but "the mysterious universal will," this perplexed Adam, this tormented Cain, this Eve, earthy and fawn-like, a little quaintly conceived in the genus femina; this Abel, her true son, whom Cain calls

> "thick vein
> That knots me to the body of the earth."

The content of the poem is stretched. There is too much repetition of feeling, a sameness in the experiences of Adam and of Cain without cumulative intensity to justify it. The scene in which Adam and Eve recall the animals, although it has good passages and a quality of delightfulness, is trivial.

The verse is easy and sophisticated and charming almost throughout. Its naturalism is conscious, sometimes there is flatness, and there are occasional inanities of "Look! look." "Afraid, afraid." The cautious naïveté of the prosody, the effect as though now and then Mr. Macleish rubbed his lines the wrong way with a brush of finest selected bristles, is curiously set off by the lines of Blake which he quotes as a heading. However, his despair over the human dilemma is neither rugged nor tempestuous. It is chill, creeping, numb, the unplumbed fascinated fear of a child alone with his mysterious body. This sort of feeling he gives with beauty and restraint in many passages and for this sort of feeling his cadence is excellently toned.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Woman in the Indian Sagas

Women in Ancient India, by Clarisse Bader. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 334 pages. $4.

IN our American literature the dominant factor is man and-or machine. This does not except Sandburg or even Whitman, from whom the best of our literature stems. In most of it nature seems to have receded. As though pressed backward with the falling forests her gestures have become infinitely remote. Yet in all this human content I find no outstanding figure of over life- or even of full life-size—not even that modern equivalent of the man-god, the superman. William C. Williams, in In the American Grain, does indeed bring into a looming and almost sinister nearness that dark-canyoned, full-arteried, unguessed, virgin America that de Soto knew and Daniel Boone. And in brief broad strokes he limns for us—who are disinherited of an heroic past—some of the obscured bright figures in the limbo of our history. But the American man, as our writers generally depict him, is lost in a conglomerate, multi-headed mass in which each head looks exactly like some other head. Types emerge that can be definitely consigned to this or that group, but no arrogant and vast individual to clutch like a terror at our hearts or exact a forced hospitality from our imaginations. American-man, even the artist-man, is habituated to noise. He is afraid of silence, most of all of his own silence, into which he so rarely enters. Yet he has made a great furore on this rolling junk of earth on which he seems to have found no real base. Urged by a fierce energy to furious motion, he is like some huge creature that, footless and wingless, yet whirling upon a hidden axis, hurls its gigantic shadow against the sun.

But in the great and rich literature of India, nature is the true protagonist. Man is only a vivid and aching point in the encroaching magnificence of her foreground. The great Indian epics carry luxuriance like an overgrowth. Here is overflowing color and richness of design. The human is overwhelmed by the monstrous fauna of nature rampant. Yet the heroic figures projected by the faceted imaginations of this people are of the tribe of men-gods that our literature has not known.

It is amazing to see a girl of the sixties, and a girl of only twenty-two, responsible for such a book as the above. Her work, crowned by the French academy and only now translated into English, shows such an ardent concentration upon her subject and such a vast amount of research that it could only have been undertaken as a travail of love. According to her preface, this was to have been the first of a series which was to have depicted woman's position in the primitive societies of all races. But with a characteristically feminine lack of continuity of purpose, Miss Bader seems to have abandoned her task. This book shows a warmth of emotion and that type of creative imagination that, in the minds of the recipients, contributes various completions to a work of art. But there is little critical discrimination and almost no sign of original thought or of independent judgment. She comments, with a naïve pleasure, but without understanding, on the important part woman plays in the Ramayana and others of the great Indian epics that she has translated or described. She hopes "this eminently moralistic literature" may help create a second and purer Renaissance. . . .

I do not think Indian culture likely to affect deeply western creative thought. Except in the sense that any

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great art, which is always authentic spiritual expression, helps stimulate man eternally to reënter and discover his own soul. The artist-man must in some sort interpret the profound, perhaps unguessed racial consciousness of which he forms a vent. An alien literature always influences most the work of mediocre intelligences. And in America, at least, these feel far too much blatant superiority to any dark-skinned race to throw down their defenses before its creative art even if this were in their perspective. The works and personality of Tagore—a personality they were permitted to see and sometimes even touch—have done more than all the translations of the great classics to attract the roving child-glance of America to Indian culture. At that the glance was freighted with the condescension of a giant whose strength has run to size instead of to æsthetic understanding.

Who reads this book would do well to skip the tritely girlish comment. Yet always Clarisse Bader is on her knees before the vision her reverent search has evoked. She bows before it as one who would wipe with her hair the dust from off the radiant feet of beauty. And, whatever the faults of the translations and the many re-translations, who seeks here may find, through the gorgeous imagery and glamor of the bejeweling words, the austere and undeviating outlines of Indian thought. Here, too, some of that fiery innocence and love—that mystical ardor for self-immolation before a conceived beauty—that is inherent in the Indian soul.

LOLA RIDGE.

Frolicking on Olympus

The Torrents of Spring, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

LAST year Mr. Hemingway published his first book, In Our Time. It was a volume of episodes and brief stories, and to this reviewer the most exciting event, in the way of words on paper, which happened during the year. It did not need the blurbs of the half-dozen distinguished writers, led by Mr. Anderson, which covered its jacket, to give it a send-off. (Those blurbs are referred to gaily in the course of The Torrents of Spring.) The book was Hemingway's apprenticeship. In certain of the stories he was leaning heavily on the gruesome, like many young writers, to convince us of the sternness of reality; in others he was compressing into a few pages of swift flexible dialogue the essence of the relation between two characters. In all of them he was busy molding a fresh, living, first-hand prose of his own. He preferred simple concrete words. He preferred words which had been reborn in him through the experience of living. And so when he put them on paper, they lived there. Although the debt was definitely Hemingway's, he owed an immense obligation in all of this to Sherwood Anderson, whom he parodies hilariously in The Torrents of Spring. Anderson's gently clumsy fingers had been turning over words for a decade with the patience of love, picking off their tinsel and letting them live their own ways. Hemingway, with less tenderness, but a more incisive intellect, profited by those years of emotional sincerity. Words began to grow at his touch, words that were clean, simple, lithe. The solemn announcement of The Little Review that he is to be "the big man in American letters" may not be far from the truth. We shall see whether his understanding of life keeps pace with his devilish capacity to express it.

In the meantime he has decided that it is time to laugh a little. He knows what he owes to Sherwood Anderson—he has a swift mind—and he knows what heavy things have been said about his future. So he has written a parody of Dark Laughter, with side-swipes at Gertrude Stein, which is also a parody of himself. Psychologically, it is clearly a declaration of independence. He is throwing off the tutorship of Anderson and announcing his literary freedom. But the reader need not worry about that. He can enjoy the fun:

> Yogi Johnson stood looking out of the window of a big pump-factory in Michigan. . . . Near Yogi at the next window but one stood Scripps O'Neil, a tall, lean man with a tall, lean face. . . .
>
> Scripps had a daughter whom he playfully called Lousy O'Neil. Her real name was Lucy O'Neil. One night, after Scripps and his old woman had been drinking on the railroad line for three or four days, he lost his wife. He didn't know where she was. When he came to himself everything was dark.

Those who read Dark Laughter will not be surprised to find that on pages 69, 73 and 79, they are at last up to the point they had reached on page 1. In fact, to keep everything clear, Mr. Hemingway notes: "In case the reader is becoming confused, we are now up to where the story opened . . . " Scripps's adventures with his new wife, Diana, the elderly waitress in Brown's Beanery—BEST BY TEST—Yogi's discomfiture in the Indian Club, the squaw who didn't wear clothes because she didn't like them, and Hemingway's notes to the reader (he offers to advise you about anything you have ever written if you can catch him at the Café du Dôme), are a healthy laugh at the over-solemnity of modern fiction. Hemingway supplies the grain of salt.

In writing the Torrents of Spring he has weaned himself. That he had to do it so vigorously is the finest tribute Sherwood Anderson has received yet. That he chose to do it wittily is our good luck.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Life on the Mississippi —New Style

Show Boat, by Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

SOME people might dismiss this book with a brief comment to the effect that it had all the elements of popularity and is bound to sell a great many copies. The dismissal might be benignant or sardonic, depending upon the age, sex, temperament and blood-pressure of the reviewer. But as there is something more to be said by one who has read the book twice, the above statements, which are true, are offered only by way of introduction.

Miss Ferber's talent, this reviewer is irrevocably convinced, does not lie in the way of the novel at all. She writes a novel as a modern athletic girl might wear a crinoline and a bustle. She manages the trick, but she is self-conscious and filled with secret amusement over the masquerade. Why so many words? Why such a portentous enclosure for a mere story? So I imagine Miss Ferber secretly regarding the novel form. Her forte, I humbly submit, is the short story. She has the gift, and it is my belief she has the predilection, for that form of literary

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art. But editors and publishers demand novels spun out to serial length and Miss Ferber, who can do it, supplies the demand. That does not vitiate the argument that her short stories are remarkably good stories, while her novels are only remarkably good short stories spun out to novel length and thereby largely spoiled.

Show Boat as an example. I am prepared to confess that I am inconsistent because I read the book with excitement, not over the story, which is negligible, but over the description of life on the Mississippi in a floating theatre. The reader can take it as a sign of ignorance and incompetence, but I didn't know anything about show boats. It is to me an inexplicable thing why George W. Cable did not write a book about them, and why Mark Twain (as far as I can remember) does not allude to them. In the case of Show Boat, one is yanked back to the fortunes of Magnolia and her daughter Kim—named after the states of Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri because she was born on the show boat at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi—one returns to the story with a sigh. But of course it is the story of Magnolia and Kim which will make Show Boat a best seller. They are in characteristic Edna Ferber vein.

If it be demanded outright what is the real trouble with Show Boat as a novel it is just this, that it is written in short story tempo. That, as already stated, is Edna Ferber's natural bent. Even though she writes a novel, it goes along at a speed which leaves the author out of breath and the reviewer out of patience. A novel is not a hundred-yard dash kept up mile after mile. It is something utterly different from a short story.

But Show Boat is enthusiastically recommended to the four out of five Americans who have no information on the subject. Miss Ferber "got up" that subject. If anything, the book is at times heavy with information. And certainly the information in the later chapters, telling us how certain well known and practicing dramatic critics, editors and column writers foregathered at the heroine's apartment, is a bad error of judgment and taste. It is cheap, and one very nearly adds, in irritation, nasty. It is lacking in dignity, which may be important after all. Because the first part of Show Boat is dominated by the Mississippi, and it is a drop indeed at the end to be fobbed off with anecdotes about Alexander Woollcott.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Mannequin

Mannequin, by Fannie Hurst. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THIS story, which earned for Miss Hurst the $50,000 prize offered by Liberty, is an expansion into novel length of a scenario, and remains, in spite of skilfully administered artificial respiration, a lurid skeleton very imperfectly clothed with reality. The plot should be —perhaps already is—the framework of a perfectly good movie, but it also lends itself in spots to Miss Hurst's talents. Argument: a beautiful child is stolen from her parents by her nurse, brought up in the squalor of the East Side, becomes a mannequin, remains pure and good, finds the Man, kills another inadvertently, is tried, acquitted and discovered by her long lost parents. With surprise and disappointment we watch Miss Hurst, face to face with the magnificent opportunity of a small girl transplanted to the tenements, make a few splendid stabs at it and then go under. It is a subject peculiarly in her province; she could well revisit it to dig again for the treasure which, on this occasion, she has left in the hill.

Hasty and unimagined as it is compared with her best, there is enough of her real self in it to make one forgive her. No matter how hurriedly she is covering ground perhaps not all-absorbing to her, the sudden splash of colors, the quick flare of her sulphurous sympathy, the energy, the search, the restlessness, the purple steam and gaudy sincerity which are peculiarly hers are here. Not in large enough quantities, but unmistakably, her stamp is upon a story she must have been relieved to finish. The intimate, personal plot suits her, the plot which she knows how to make more dramatic than many a one more flashily adaptable to the movies. Lurid plots, agonized situations of rough carpentry and horrid suspense have a way of sucking life's blood away from the characters. And it is her people Miss Hurst cares most about, and will return to.

R. L.

Sex in Home and State

Happiness in Marriage, by Margaret Sanger. New York: Brentano's. 231 pages. $2.

Birth Control and the State; a Plea and a Forecast. By C. P. Blacker. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Today and Tomorrow Series. 87 pages. $1.

MRS. SANGER'S name is so identified with her crusade that many will expect to find this but one more plea in favor of recognition for birth control. In fact, it refers in only one chapter to this widely-practiced method of conserving health and relative freedom. The subject-matter is more nearly that treated by Havelock Ellis in his masterly series of studies, and while no comparison in a literary sense is possible, this book is worthy of the admiration Mrs. Sanger's courage and honesty in previous statements have compelled from all who would receive them decently and soberly. No more difficult or delicate task of enlightenment could be attempted, in face of denunciation from the stupidly virtuous and ribaldry from the stupidly vicious, but the author's own sincerity and integrity are made so simply evident that one realizes even in the opening chapter the value and importance of any conclusions Mrs. Sanger may have reached on this subject. The book seems to this reader one that may—if any book can—make happiness in marriage much more likely of attainment than it has hitherto been for many people.

The other work, described as "a plea and a forecast" is still less a popular appeal, being a presentation of the subject so methodical as to repel those for whom its intrinsic interest is insufficient. The form chosen by the author—perhaps because the article was intended to be used for legislative propaganda—is somewhat that of an argument in debate, the principal objections to the cause being stated in order of importance, classified and answered in due form. There are neither literary flourishes nor emotional appeals—facts are presented to speak for themselves, and the "plea" is as impressive in its reticence as in its obvious significance for society. Read in conjunction these two books are powerful stimuli to our hopes for betterment in human relations and to the good will and common sense which alone can bring about their realization.

D. B. WOOLSEY.

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The Scamp, by Virgil Markham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

SWIFTLY the volleying noise increased, and . . . a plumed man was flying past, his figure light and upright in the saddle, his face in shadow, his dark feather streaming a yard behind, white glinting at his neck and at his belt, where shone his silver pistols. Sparks leapt from the highway."

Here you have the figure of romance about which Virgil Markham has contrived his compact, briskly-moving, thoroughly well executed story of the time of George I. Eustace Tarrant is the classic type of adventurer, the roamer and danger-seeker for pure adventure's sake, but this story about him is much more than a series of perils and escapes. Mr. Markham has abundant invention and The Scamp is also a mystery novel, with a murder unsolved until the end. And it goes without saying that there is a love-story, told with the reticence befitting the period. This is the first novel of a young writer who reveals so great facility, such adroitness in organizing his material, and such uncommon mental energy in recreating in detail the scenes of his early eighteenth century Shropshire, that one imagines he will be able to experiment later on with equal success in entirely different types of fiction.

O. H. D.

What Is Civilization?, by Maurice Maeterlinck, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, and others; with an introduction by Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Duffield and Company. 217 pages. $2.50.

THIS book is a typical product of the mental uneasiness bequeathed by the Great War. It is a collection of essays, some of which appeared in The Forum, which purport to answer the question—What is Civilization? Like most journalistic inquests of this nature, it does not answer the question, or even keep it in view: the book contains such divergent contributions as Mr. W. Burghardt Du Bois's appraisal of African culture and Mrs. Pennell's trite little essay on American Bad Manners, which has nothing to do with the case, tra-la. American publishers always say that it is difficult to sell a book made up of the work of a number of writers, unless it be a textbook. Such an unconscionable omnium-gatherum as the present one would perhaps explain why there is such a blight. A title and board covers do not make a book.

L. M.

Contributors

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